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RAMPARTS

VOLUME 3, NO. 5, JAN.-FEB., 1965

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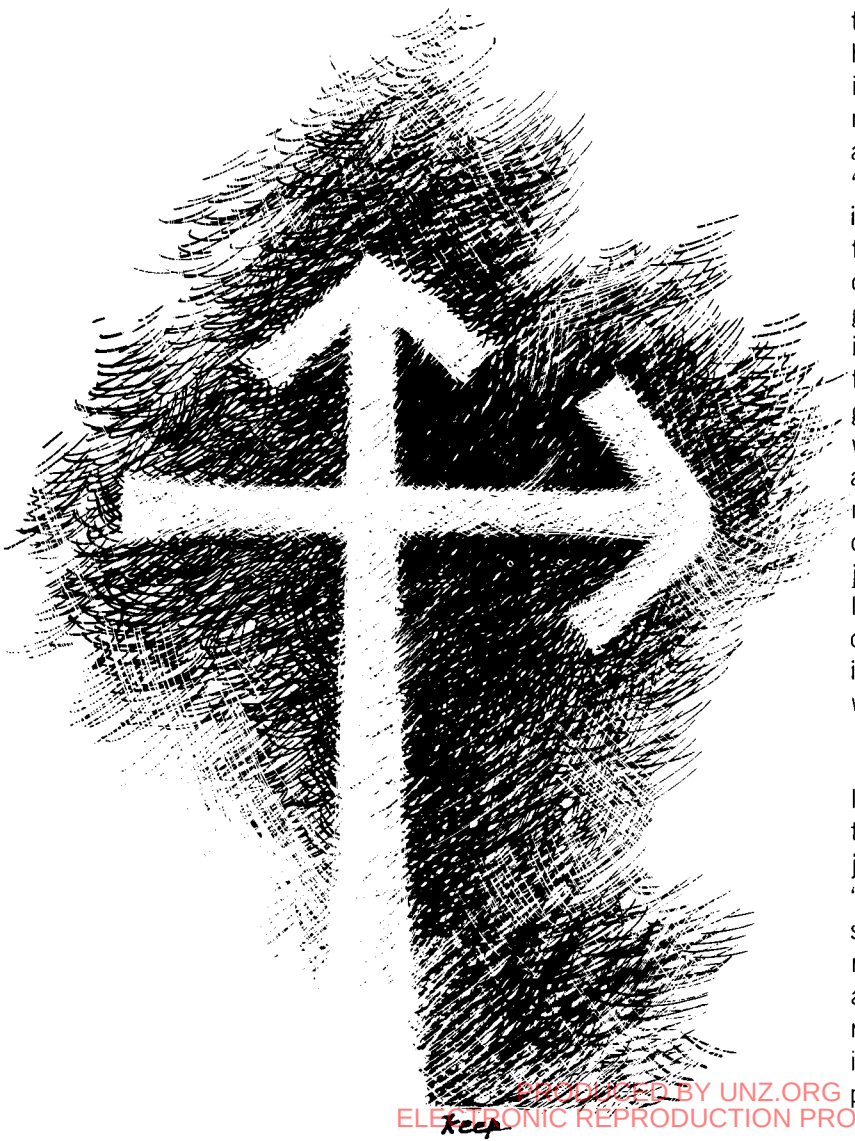
marginalia

EDITORIAL: On the firing line



Within the Catholic community, particularly among the young, there is a new form of tension that is causing an ever deepening concern, not only among those suffering the tension, but also among those observing it. The tension has to do with the arduous question of whether emphasis in Catholic life should be placed upon lay passivity or upon lay activity.

It is traditional in this aging Church of ours for the layman to rather do as he is told, and among the things he is told to do are: to be obedient, to be silent, and to pay the bills. Occasionally he is told to concern himself with such mundane matters as racism and poverty, but this concern, of course, must be under the formal aegis of the bishop and more proximately under some clerical "specialist" in these matters. Now the point is that in this situation the layman is still fundamentally passive; that is, he waits obediently for instructions, which instructions generally concern themselves with organizing some tepid, clerically dominated group that meets rather infrequently to discuss the great need for justice. Hands are wrung, voices quaver just a bit, and everyone comes away from it all, convinced that they have made a profound contribution to the solving of man's most basic need, his thirst for justice. The realities are bitter, and mutual lamentation societies under the paternal eye of a moderator provide no solution. All this is passive and pallid—and the sins of the world go on.

This is what is meant by passivity.

On the other hand, there are those of the laity (and more than a few clerics) who wish to become active, who wish, not merely to join hands in a sad little circle of anguished "ring around the rosary" but who wish instead to pierce the heart of the matter and resolve the injustices of racism, poverty, and all the other abuses that assail so many millions of our fellow men. The divine spark is in them and they wish to act. But what produces tension is the fear of acting as

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Catholics without first getting the approval of the local pastor or the local bishop. There seems to be the feeling that Catholics **qua** Catholics cannot band together in the social sphere without first obtaining a writ from the nearest chancery, that if one were so bold as to ignore the chancery, one would be subject to some mysterious and awful punishment. This is a psychological tyranny that has been more than **tolerated** by those in authority; indeed, it has been fostered by them, since the greatest fear of those on top of an authoritarian heap is that those underneath might some day struggle for breathing space — and room to act. The truth is that it is perfectly proper for Catholic people to organize as they wish; no priest can withhold the sacraments and no bishop can punish them, provided, of course, that they don't engage in heresy.

"... a psychological tyranny ..."

There would be no need of this drive for independent Catholic action if those who pose as the moral leaders would assume authentic leadership and not the spurious leadership that they have given us in matters of social justice. These men think that all that is necessary is to offer a series of pious and very public platitudes that will place the Church on record, letting the rest of the world know how concerned and dedicated the Catholic Church is to fulfill the eternal admonition: "love thy neighbor."

A layman who cares much less for authoritarianism than he does for a neighbor in distress is immediately branded by authoritarians (both clerical and lay) as an agitator, a malcontent, and they even hint most maliciously at the possibility of heresy, and question the man's Catholicity. This is slander that is indistinguishable, in this day and age and in this country, from whispers that hint that so and so is a "Communist" or at best a "leftist."

"... Christian courage ... not courage secure in a split-level rectory ..."

These are times, with the nation at the crossroads, that demand Christian courage, not the courage that is secure in a chancery building, a split level rectory, or a suburban and mortgaged hideaway. The times call for the courage to do that which conscience demands, but the leaders do not. There are no possible excuses for the absence of the Christian witness to the issues that plague this country.

Prudence is not inactivity or equivocation. Prudence is doing the right thing in the right way. Prudence is an active thing, not a passive neglect of one's duty. So then, what must be done, must be done.

For example, let every bishop and pastor in this country examine his conscience to see whether or not his schools actually practice **de facto**, to say nothing of **de jure**, segregation. Let Bishop Gerow explain why he did not initiate even token integration until after the State of Alabama had already begun its own token integration. Let Bishop Greco explain why he has no timetable whatsoever for the desegregation of schools in his diocese. Let Cardinal McIntyre explain why he steadfastly insists there is no racial problem in Los Angeles.

"... give lip service to racial justice ..."

Let other bishops explain how they can give lip service to racial justice and then utterly fail to take those steps necessary to prepare the conscience of the community for the attainment of human justice. Let the pastors of America explain the almost unbroken silence at Sunday mass. Let them explain why they will not preach sermons against racism.

Then, when all the answers are in, weep.

And when the weeping is done, let the Christian rise up and go out onto the firing line of life. The firing line may be enormous and dangerous or it might be small and very safe. It may consist of picketing with signs that say: "We Catholics Protest!" It may involve going to jail for one's convictions. Or it might be something so simple as a smile or a "thank you" for some small courtesy.

Whenever the conversation reaches this point, the alarmists and the retreatants raise the spectre of civil disobedience and violence, but let it be noted that whenever the conscience of the community expresses itself forthrightly and with conviction, the result is never violence or civil disobedience. It is only when the community fails, through its leaders, to remove those institutions that promote injustice, and steadfastly maintains its rigid position, that the result may be civil disobedience or violence.

"... if we are going to save this country from a bloodbath ..."

Therefore, if we are going to save this country from a bloodbath, at which the self-righteous will waggle their fingers, we must take those initial and community-wide steps that will solve the problems that will eradicate our inhuman practice of racism. In all probability this will require Catholics, as well as others, individually or in small groups, to fill the vast vacuum left by those who assumed moral leadership and then in the night abandoned their posts. This will require a strenuous effort since tension is always there. It is no easy lot to have it whispered that one is not quite a good Catholic who does not first obtain the blessing of his truant bishop.

Let me add, however, that there are a few bishops, such men as Cardinal Ritter, who

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struggle for justice, against the enormous antipathy of Catholics who would prefer profitable sin to the payment of a debt long overdue. There are priests like Father William H. DuBay who risk the precipice in order that God's will be done. But these few Christians drown in the enormous sea of hierarchical and lay indifference, and even widespread hostility. We have our Leander Perez's as well as our John Howard Griffin's. Indeed, even among the young we have the Iscariots.

So the prospects are painful, but then birth is painful. Still, out of it comes life.

E.M.K.

ART: The end of 'nation

By Frank Getlein

After a couple of years of backing and filling, reluctance and feigned reluctance, false starts and red herrings, the dominant art of the sixties—or at least of the first half of the decade—has emerged in the museums and magazines as Pop, the whole Pop and nothing but the Pop. For old-style art lovers pure and simple—a category which now includes those who regret Renoir and those who regret Kline and Pollock all on more or less equal terms—the change will simply mean no more contemporary exhibitions for awhile. The old-style type can satisfy himself with the materials in those older sections of our more important museums, the sections dealing with the past from Giotto to De Kooning; he can even nourish his soul by patronizing those private galleries which deal in an art of the past inexplicably produced by

men still living, men as varied as Larry Rivers and Jack Levine, Andrew Wyeth and Jimmy Ernst, all four in their forties, all solidly established in both command and repute, all really too young to be obliterated by the moving finger of fashion.

The Pop establishment, then, means much more to museums and magazines and to speculative art dealing than it does to the broad field of contemporary American art: Thomas Hart Benton is still alive and producing after a whole sequence of self-style cataclysms in our art, all of which were scheduled to destroy him. Why should not the abstract expressionists survive their eclipse? There is even a certain rightness about it; those who took the sword of fashion have perished by it. The sequence may be studied in the two best-known of this country's magazines in the field: **Art News** still querulously demanding how events could dare to pass by its editorial judgments that abstract expressionism was the final achievement of art in the Western World, after which there could be nothing; **Arts,** so long a very dim second, now jubilantly the trumpet and cymbal of Pop.

"... those who took the sword of fashion have perished by it..."

We may take it as self-evident that Pop Art has all but no visual interest whatsoever. In its most widely practiced manner, it is flatly painted, noncomposed images, mindlessly copied, from the world of commercial art: comic strips, packages, publicity photos and others. There is absolutely no play between the subject and the image; often, indeed, the subject is the image, as real boxes of scouring powder or coffee are trundled into the dealers' premises, given a very healthy mark-up and sold to a waiting public.

There remains one genuine note of interest in Pop Art. The interest is purely art-historical in the sense of art in its relations to the larger world in which it is made and presented. Pop marks the end of the long period of the alienation of the artist from his society. The war is over; avant-garde art has capitulated completely; the bourgeois values are everywhere triumphant and will be so long as Pop remains dominant.

"... avant-garde art has capitulated completely."

It was a long struggle, longer than we generally think. The final solution, for the sake of face-saving, can be regarded as a mutual accommodation, but this is really a bit of self-deception with at least as many disadvantages as advantages for the future of art in America and in a world increasingly American. It could be maintained, by way of face-saving theories of mutual accommodation, that bourgeois society gave in first and accommodated itself to avant-garde art. To

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elaborate, what could be more toweringly bourgeois than the 19th and early 20th century figures of Rockefeller, the brothers Guggenheim and old Henry Ford? Yet a large share of the financial support of avant-garde art in the last 20 years has come precisely from the fortunes piled up by Rockefeller, the brothers Guggenheim and Henry Ford the elder. If the pretensions of the avant-garde are to be taken at all seriously, such artists must be imagined as presenting themselves to the big money and saying politely, "We are nauseated by everything about you, consider you a blight on the earth and are out to destroy you: please give us some money for dynamite research. You will be amply repaid when our experiments succeed and we blow you up." And we must imagine the big money replying, "That sounds like a worthwhile program: here's the key to the vault"

"... what could be more toweringly bourgeois than ... Rockefeller, the brothers Guggenheim, and old Henry Ford?"

This imaginary exchange, which was really believed at one or another level of conscious thought by both parties to the fine arts foundation transaction of the last two decades, ignored the social reality underlying the whole exchange and making it possible, perhaps making it inevitable: the graduated income tax and the development of the big-scale foundation as the accepted convention for evading the tax. What the Ford Motor Company is really saying is, "We'd rather hand over our money to some harebrained artist to 'experiment' with; we'd even rather underwrite some cloudland critic's explanation of the experiments than pay the government what we'd otherwise have to. If we are going to lose the money anyway, we'll lose it our own way, in style." It is odd, when you think of it, that the forces of Goldwaterism loose in the land are as suspicious of foundations as they are violent against the graduated income tax, for it is precisely the foundations that have taken the only effective yet nonindictable steps against that tax. In logic, those strange political forces known as conservative ought to be defending the foundations, while liberals should be chipping away at them every chance they get. Such is the nature of our politics that the conservatives are the ones who launch congressional investigations of the money-machines for artists and others, while political liberals usually count on leaving public service to enter—or return to—foundation work.

"If we are going to lose money anyway, we'll lose it in our own way and style."

Thus the whole end game of the alienation of the artist was, financially, an elaborate charade, a new version of the king's mistress dressing up as a shepherdess to enjoy and to inspire new thrills in amorous dalliance. With Pop, the charade is over.

Yet there was a lot to be said for such charades between art and society in the past. When kings' mistresses were getting themselves up as milkmaids for a royal roll in the hay, kings' artists were performing in a not too dissimilar manner. The high road of French painting and sculpture in the 18th century is full of amorous dalliance, and that is the exact term. You can't call it love-making, for to suggest sweat or strain or fondling or thrusting is completely to miss the spirit of the delicate, flirtatious arrangements presented from Watteau to Fragonard and Boucher. They actually achieve an ethereal lust. Moreover, their accomplishment successfully transcends their time and their society. You do not have to be a practicing lecher to enjoy the work today; nor, on the other hand, do you have to be a bloodless esthete immersed in the color relationships and the elaborate, elegant line. No, rather, you somehow combine your appreciation of color and line with your fundamental lechery. The fact that a girl is swinging high on a swing and revealing a pretty calf normally hidden is by no means lost upon your lust; but lust itself gets lifted up—or at any rate moved over—onto a different, more ethereal plane of experience.

"You do not have to be a practicing lecher to enjoy the work today."

The swingers of 18th century courtly art were no sooner deposed along with their customers by 1789 and all that, than still another charade was entered upon by still another crew of social artists, led by J.-L. David who not only painted the stirring events of the Revolution and the First Empire, but who also took part in them as an official. As both an official and an artist, he soon combined the two concepts, and Napoleonic painting resulted. The purpose is edification and glorification of the state, its officers and enterprises, and the spirit survives today as Socialist Realism in the Soviet Union and, to a much less extent, in its satellite countries. (Indeed, one measure of the closeness of any East European government to its presumed leader in Moscow is the correspondence or lack of it between its art and Moscow's plodding old pictures of edification. For years now Yugoslav art has been far out; its printmakers have led the world in the revitalization of the color lithograph. More recently Poland moved into abstraction, and one may with some confidence predict that Hungary and Roumania will not be far behind.)

"... Moscow's plodding old pictures of edification."

It was only after the fall of Napoleon that an art arose which set itself against the

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ruling elements of society; it was only with Napoleon III that such opposition — such alienation — became a convention.

The art that began it all, Impressionism, did not set out to become a revolutionary art but simply to take a new look at light, especially, in practice, as light fell upon such nonrevolutionary subjects as Paris trees, flowers in bloom, female flesh and rippling water. Impressionism became revolutionary only because the state of the Second Empire and the Third Republic still had a more or less official art several generations after David, that of the Academy, and pre-eminently that of Bouguereau, who figures in modern art history rather as Islam does in Christian history of the High Middle Ages. The Impressionists were succeeded, naturally, by the Postimpressionists, they by the Fauves, then the Cubists, the Futurists, and so on in dizzy succession. All the alienated artists were characterized by lack of appreciation and the eventual granting of such appreciation, even if only after death.

"... Paris trees, flowers in bloom, female flesh, and rippling water."

The particular specialties of each succeeding school are well enough known, the melting light of Impressionism, the austere structures of Cubism, even the personal involvement of Action Painting. But along with these special concentrations there grew up a tradition of the alienation of the artist, and it had its uses.

In an age marked by greed as the completely approved social and economic engine, the prime mover of progress, the alienated artist stood apart, the one man of whom it was expected that he would sacrifice immediate and even lifelong expectations of livelihood for the sake of something in which he believed. He witnessed the enduring existence of values other than gain. This was not an entirely new role for the artist in society. In our modern sense, the artist has existed now for about 600 years or very little more. Almost from his coming into existence, at the beginnings of what we call the Renaissance, he had thrust upon him the burden of carrying the higher values, then called Christian, of his society. While bishops and popes, not to speak of civil leaders, went about the normal busines of greed and rapine, the Renaissance artist, in his work itself, bore testimony of God, the Virgin, the saints, the Sacrifice of Christ, the value of virtue. Likewise, for the last century, while the rest of us have gone about our normal business of gaining a livelihood or a fortune or a happy marriage or sheer enjoyment, the alienated artist has stood apart and, by his existence rather than by his work, has testified that other values exist.

"... the burden of carrying the higher values."

That function is over now, and it is just as well, for such a burden of righteousness ought to be borne by the whole society, not by a special, selected, set-apart class. During the reign of Abstract Expressionism, the special class set itself further and further apart, insisting on nonintelligibility in its work and exacting a very decent livelihood from the society for which it operated as surrogate men of dedication. The collapse of alienation during Abstract Expressionism and its utter end with Pop represents a reform of society, in the first place, and a recognition of that reform by avant-garde art, which thus celebrates social reform by esthetic suicide.

"... thus celebrates social reform by esthetic suicide."

Pop becomes the first avant-garde movement to make its appearance in commercial galleries and in museums almost simultaneously with its appearance in studios. It thus announces not only the end of the alienated artist but the end, at last, of the very idea of an avant-garde. The way is open for a return to painting in painting, for there is no longer a towering avant-garde to denounce it as reactionary. And in social life, our consciences must now be our own concern, to be managed, for better or worse, by ourselves, not by our substitutes in art.

LETTERS: The new Ramparts

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the October Ramparts. This could become an important magazine. The article on the Harlem riots was excellent and some of the reviews were well done. I think, however, that you must try to present more sound factual material in the articles. A monotonous shrill note of emotional protest will soon become wearisome. For example: the article on Brazil by Mr. Griffin was ridiculous. Even the pictures had no captions. An extremely complex political situation was reduced to a sort of revival meeting sermon—a good editor would have stopped this tripe before it was printed.

With hard work and a respect for facts instead of emotionalism, you may make a good magazine. I hope so. For your point of view is urgently needed.

W. J. Moore
Bloomington, Indiana

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Sirs:

The article on "Church and 'Golpe' in Brazil" by G. Daniel Griffin is notable because it is one of the few critical, penetrating analyses of the overthrow of the Goulart government to appear in the American press.

I write as one who spent seven weeks in Brazil this summer, and was jailed for twenty-four hours by the witch-hunting police of Recife. I was thrown into a dungeon for several hours, and was privileged to be present when soldiers came in to beat up some of the political prisoners. Yet when I reached Rio several weeks later, the A.P. found my experience "stale," and hence not worthy of reporting. This decision also happened to follow the State Department line of soft-pedalling the excesses of the "revolution."

Of course if the "liberal" priests of Brazil are to be criticized for not speaking out, what is to be said for the likes of Rio's Cardinal, Dom Jaime Camara, who was one of the principal cheer-leaders of the witch-hunt?

Joseph A. Page
Assistant Professor of Law
University of Denver
Boulder, Colorado

SIRS:

THOU DOST PROTEST TOO LOUDLY. P.S. RAMPARTS IS NOT INDEPENDENT, FIERCELY OR OTHERWISE. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. LOVE.

SUZANNE C. WEEKS
ATHERTON, CALIFORNIA

Sirs:

The sooner Goldwater fades into oblivion the better. You make a martyr of him. What a shame you can't see the consequences of your policy.

William B. Greene
Santa Monica, California

Sirs:

Please send me one of your hate-mongering, anti-Catholic, class-dividing books called "Ramparts" you so assiduously advertize.

Otto F. Bierwagen
Berkeley, California

Sirs:

The new format of Ramparts appearing in October, 1964, prompts the following comments.

What you are trying to do with Ramparts doesn't lend itself to the scream and the emotional appeal. Your struggle is with Principalities and Powers on the battlefield of men's minds. In all seriousness, you are addressing the mature mind. Your respect for the dignity of the mature mind must be reflected in the printed word which you are responsible for bringing to bookpaper.

Your editorial statement is, in my view, superb and long overdue. I am also convinced that your approach to our social problems is not only eminently Christian, but also morally correct and historically prophetic.

The front cover of the October, 1964, issue is, I trust, only a temporary detour in bad taste. I'm sure you agree there's nothing wrong with "judging a book by its cover" when both are worthwhile. Previous issues have been just that, in my opinion, and I plead that you carefully restore and guard the quality of your layout so that it will match the inspirational copy I am so grateful to you for publishing.

Having been a charter subscriber and constant reader of Ramparts, I deplore its alarming drift toward the sensational. Here I am speaking specifically of the visual format. Give us back the purity of the back cover or yesterday's wonderfully simple, symbolic Cross and those marvelously imaginative front cover designs which were such aesthetic and intellectual delights.

In a word, I have come to expect a certain dignity in Ramparts, and am now saddened at the prospect of its fading.

John E. Dean, Jr.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

P. S. The November issue has just arrived in the mail. In an attempt to secure a dozen copies for private distribution, I was informed by a local distributor that he had returned his consignment of the October issue on the basis of the appearance of the front cover. This seems to bear out my remark in the letter about that cover, although I suspect the local distributor's and my objections are for much different reasons. From a quick glance, though, November appears to be a move in the direction of your former route. Goldwater partisans, doubtless, will disagree!

Sirs:

When your magazine first appeared I was greatly impressed with the topics you chose to deal with, the quality of writing, the layout — everything. The whole idea of a "fiercely independent" group of Catholic lay-

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men editing a journal of opinion appealed to me. And so when I write to criticize I don't think I really fit into the same category as many of your critics do.

Frankly, I think you've reached the point where you can hardly continue to publish as a "Catholic" group. I say this because of a number of recent things (e.g., your ad in **Saturday Review,** your handling of the McIntyre issue, your November cover—regardless of the history of political cartoons) which I think you've pushed beyond the point of any kind of productivity. Basically your journal has ceased to be Christian in any true sense, unless I'm wrong about the basis for Christianity being Charity. And Charity certainly leaves plenty of room for speaking out on issues; in fact it forces us to speak out when we do. That's why this letter. I hope you take it in that spirit.

Sister Mary John, I.H.M.
Immaculate Heart College
Los Angeles, California

Sirs:

Your cover-cartoon of Goldwater as a rattlesnake struck me at first as excessive, however since hearing of the G.O.P.'s "official pornography" film—probably the low-point in American political mud-slinging—I have come to believe that you were, if anything, too kind.

Yet, I am still uncertain that Justin Murray's cover-cartoon did justice to the symposium presented in the main body of the magazine. The symposium was, by and large, an exceptionally solid piece of work: Geismar's essay was a brilliant analysis, and I could not help reflecting that if some of the **literati** of the Weimar Republic had dissected **Mein Kampf** as carefully in one of the magazines of that time, the world might have been spared the nightmare of Nazism; the European observers (Prittie and Ascherson) were a little guarded, but they made their points quietly and effectively; Sidney Michaels was hysterical, Judd Teller merely dull; the Feiffer of course was reprinted, but delightful nonetheless; Louis Lomax, like so many Negro "spokesmen," is a rhetorician **malgre lui,** but perhaps he has a right to cry out. When I had finished your presentation of Goldwater, I felt that I had my money's worth. (Not like that **Fact** fiasco.)

Regarding Cardinal McIntyre: Why not simply attack his policies (which **are** reprehensible) and forego the **ad hominem** remarks? (The attempt to establish a link between the Cardinal and Goldwater was a little **recherche.**)

The rest of the magazine was excellent: the interesting photos of Kriz (Max Ernst-ish at times) and the very fine book review section. Indeed, the review of Santayana is one of the best book reviews I have ever read and would have graced the pages of **The New York Review of Books** or the "highbrow" **Hudson Review.**

I was, in short, impressed by the magazine (the section called "Marginalia" is too trivial for my taste and I would be glad to see it dropped). It is wonderful to see a good anti-Establishment journal on the stands. Your religious affiliation puzzles me a little, but I suppose that you are simply in the European tradition of anti-clerical Catholics.

Jonathan Winslow Peale
New York

Sirs:

The **Minneapolis Tribune** has been agitated by what they regard as your "irresponsible journalism" in picturing Senator Goldwater as a rattlesnake. Permit me to comment on their label.

The drawing places candidate Goldwater's head not upon any rattlesnake in general, but upon that specific coiled rattlesnake which graced so many colonial flags during the period from 1751 to 1775, above the motto: "Don't Tread On Me." The particular association of this flag with South Carolina and with early objections to the exportation of criminals from England to America is laughable enough in view of the late conversion of South Carolina's Strom Thurmond and Goldwater's fascinating attack upon "crime in the streets."

But, more generally, the implicit comment that the drawing makes concerning the viability of the Arizona Senator's brand of patriotism in times more distant and less complex than our own makes it both apt and amusing.

George C. Hudson, Jr.
Minneapolis

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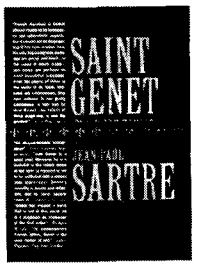

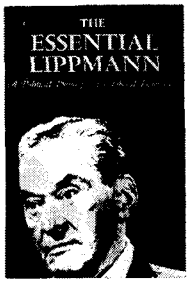

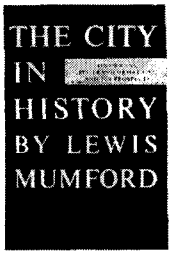

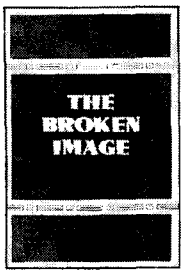

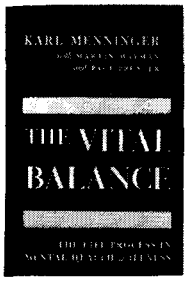

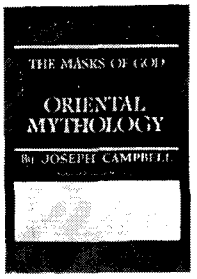

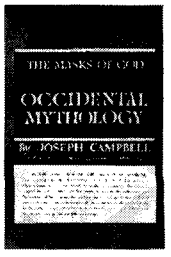

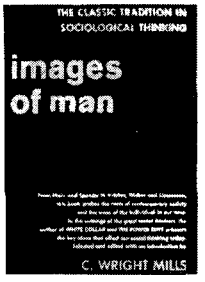

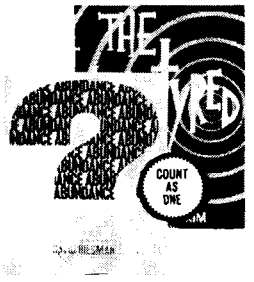

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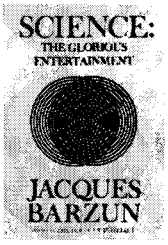

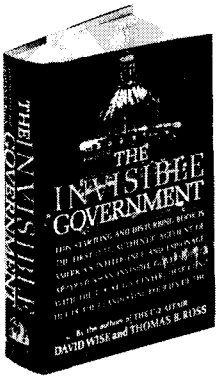

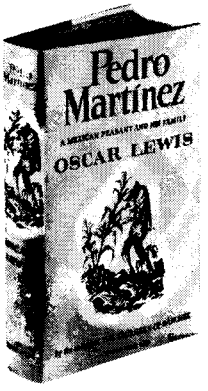

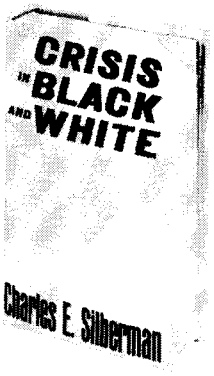

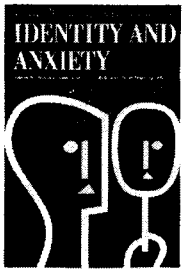

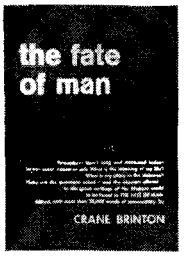

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"Dont be afraid, little girl."

Christmas scenes by Rick Schreiter

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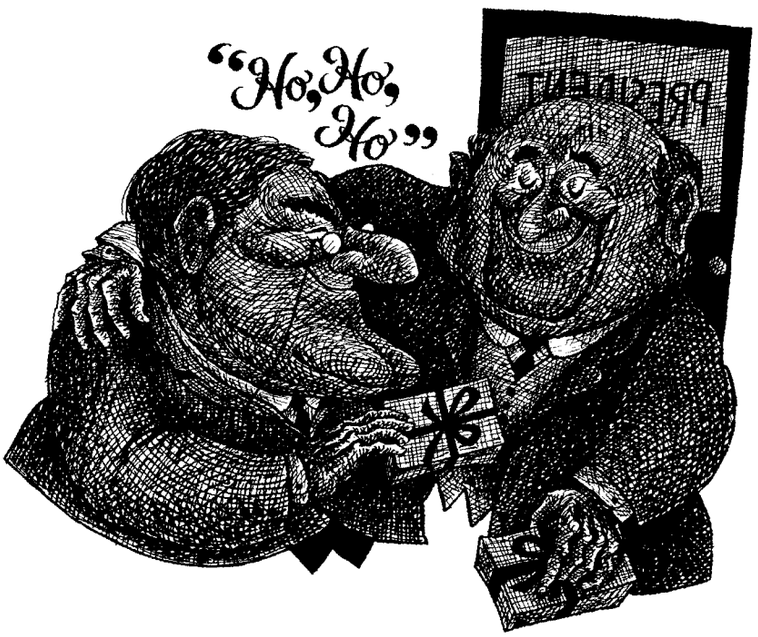

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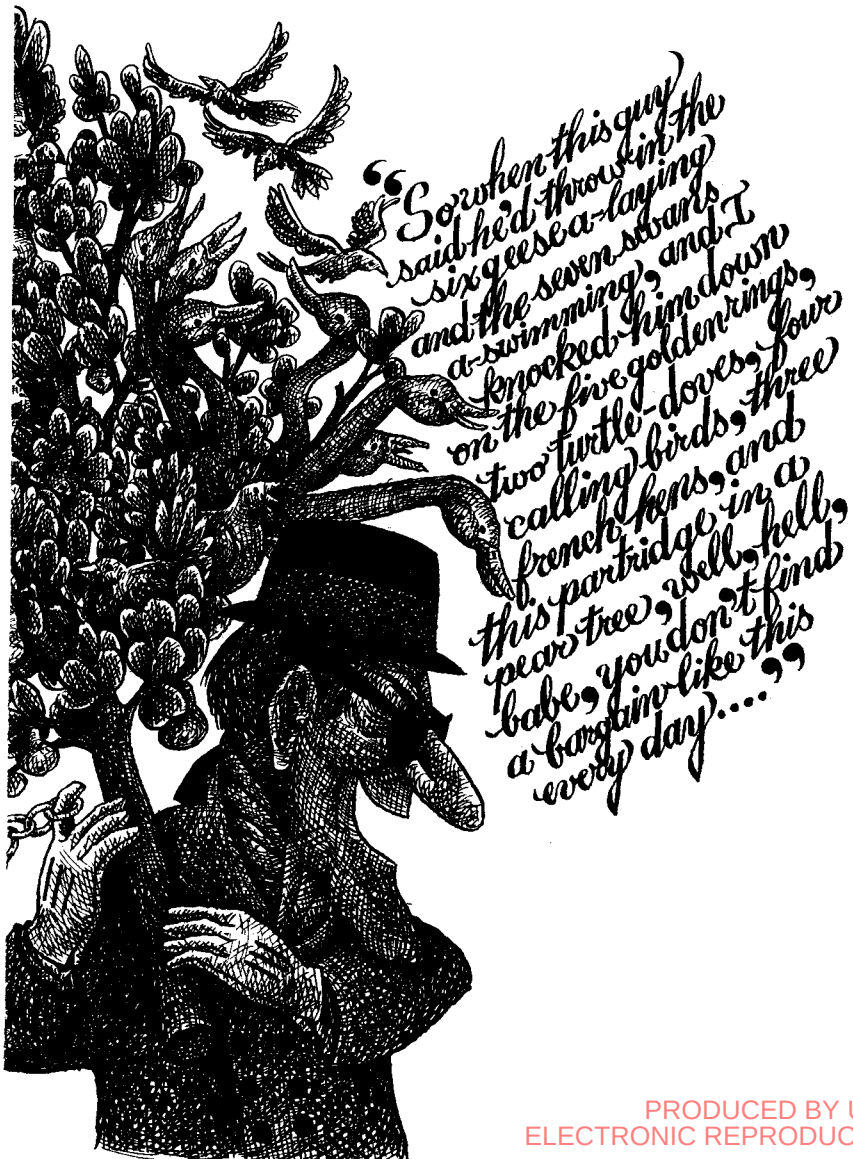
"So when this guy said he'd throw in the six geese a-laying and the seven swans a-swimming, and I knocked him down on the five golden rings, two turtle-doves, four calling birds, three french hens, and this partridge in a pear tree, well, hell, babe, you don't find a bargain like this every day...."

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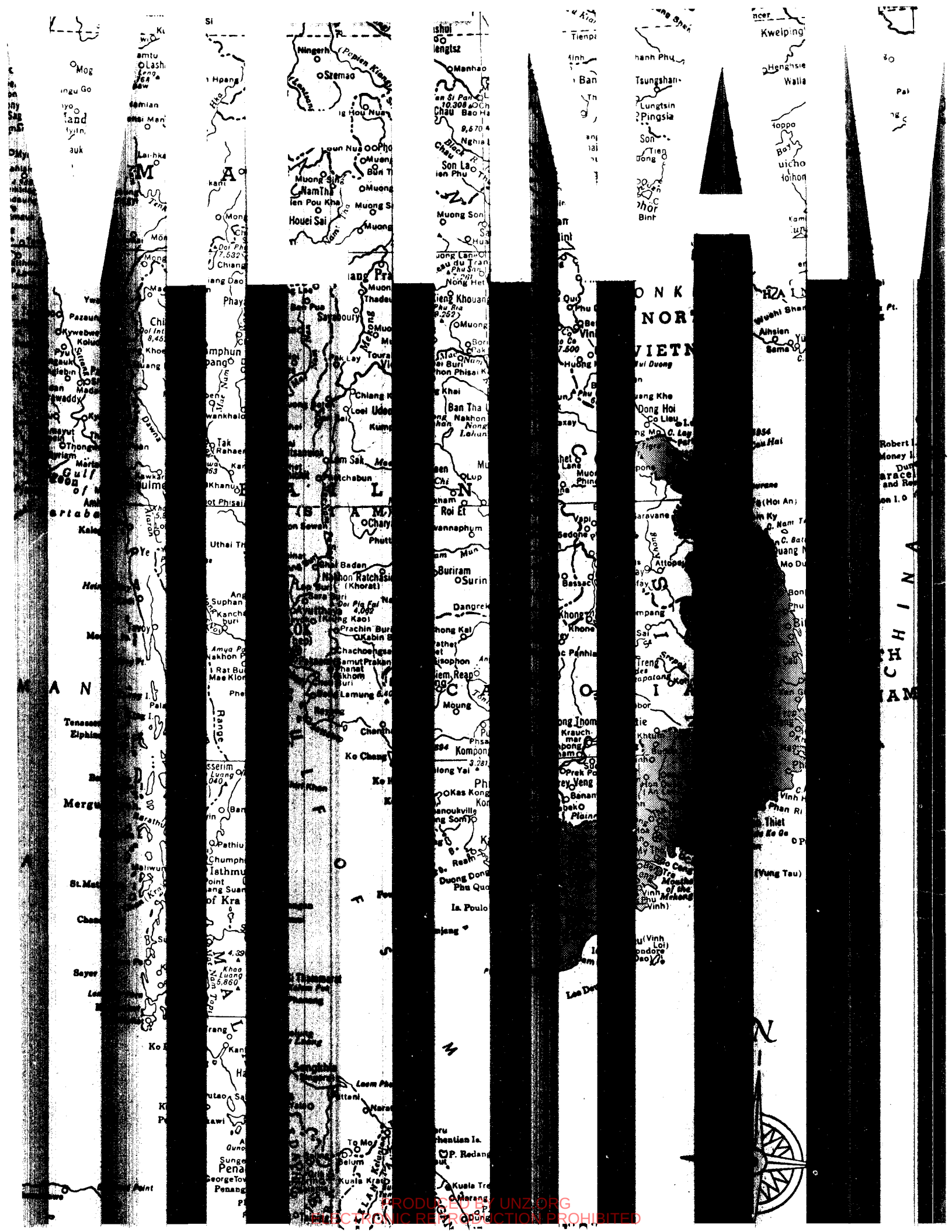
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Interview/Senator Frank Church

ink that if there is a basic fault with our Asian policy, it might well be our
are to confine it to the practical limits of our power. We conquered the
ific in the Second World War. Afterwards, the Pacific was a very broad
f protecting the United States against hostile encroachment. Had we estab-
ed, as our westernmost rampart, the island chain which rims the Asian
inent, and had we made it clear that we were prepared to meet — with our
military force — any hostile penetration of the Pacific, we would have
ablished a boundary line fully within our military power to maintain. The
ed States is essentially a naval and aerial power, and there is no way for
land-bucked forces of Asia to drive us from the Pacific. The elephant cannot
the whale from the sea nor the eagle from the sky. But it is also true that
ther the whale nor the eagle can lift the elephant from his jungle. I think
efforts to establish such an island rampart conforming to the character of
military power has been [illegible] some of the difficulties

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Senator Church, you would restrict American intervention to the defense of this string of islands . . . Is that correct?

That might have been our posture, but it has not been.

If you are going to limit the line like that, how can you justify our presence in Korea, which is on the mainland?

I think that we were right, in the first instance, to intervene in Korea. An invasion by North Korea had occurred, and we undertook, in the name of the United Nations, to defend the independence of South Korea against that invasion. Many other countries joined us, at least in a token way, to uphold the U.N. shield against an aggression of this kind. Our mistake was not in undertaking the defense of South Korea, but in having remained there afterwards longer than required. Today, for example, there still are 55,000 American troops on the 38th Parallel. From all appearances, they are permanently entrenched as though the 38th Parallel had become an American boundary, and this, despite the fact that the South Korean Army has been equipped as a modern military force, nearly twice as large as the North Korean Army which faces it. There is no military necessity for so large a continued American presence along the 38th Parallel, and I think that we would give added credibility to our oft-spoken purpose of leaving Asia for the Asians if we were to commence to withdraw American forces from Korea.

There are some who argue that even though the North Korean forces are much smaller, there is the vast army of Red China just across the Yalu River. From that point of view, wouldn't it seem advisable to keep American troops in there?

If we were to accept that premise, then it would follow that American troops must remain permanently on the 38th Parallel so long as Red China endures. I think that this is a faulty argument. It may lead China, North Korea, and other Asian countries to conclude that we are, in fact, interested in maintaining some kind of permanent foothold on the Asian mainland. Remember, we have a large and mobile military force on Okinawa, within easy striking distance of Korea, should another invasion ever occur. Moreover, we could, if necessary, leave a single regimental combat team, rather than two full divisions, on the line in Korea, which would be a sufficient "trigger force" to guarantee our renewed participation in the defense of South Korea, if the need were ever to arise again. But, no matter how one looks at it, there is no military requirement for keeping a whole American army there indefinitely, in view of the present strength and capacity of the South Korean army to defend their boundary line.

If there is no military need for the 55,000 troops, is there a possibility that there is a political need?

The only political reason for maintaining so large an American army there would be to assist in buoying up the weak South Korean economy. But this is, in itself, an admission of the failure of American policy in Korea. Twelve years after the end of the war, South Korea is still a garrison state, incapable of self-support, and each year it is necessary for the United States to give South Korea close to half a billion dollars in rations. We can't continue indefinitely to finance the South Korean nation and yet, we seem unable to find an alternative to this dole.

Senator Church, returning to the matter of the island string, what about our being in Formosa? Is this compatible with traditional American policy in Asia?

Of course, we are not in Formosa with a whole American army as we are in Korea. I think we were correct in giving formal assurances to Formosa that we will defend her against Communist attack. Our commitment extends not only to the island of Formosa, but the Pescadores as well. I would view these islands as a part of the ocean rampart I previously mentioned, and well within the American military capacity to defend. Our Seventh Fleet is, indeed, the shield for Formosa. My only criticism of American policy in Formosa is that we have helped to finance the maintenance of an army for Chiang Kai-shek, which is twice too big for the needs of the island's defenses and not a tenth big enough to retake the mainland. So the policy has been unduly costly for us, and at the same time, may well be giving China cause to suspect that we are preparing Chiang Kai-shek to act as a spearhead for an invasion of the mainland. I do not regard this as our objective, but it may seem so to the government of Red China.

It might seem, from the two instances of South Korea and Formosa, that we are trying to preserve an American grip upon Asia. Do you think Asians so view the situation?

It disturbs me that we may well be creating such an impression even though this is not, in fact, our objective. We fully understand the importance of credibility when it comes to our military forces. We take great precautions to make certain that our nuclear deterrent is a credible one in order to avoid a nuclear war through enemy miscalculation. But we seem to give precious little attention to making our diplomatic objectives credible. I think we have, to some degree, committed this error both in South Korea and Formosa.

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The dilemmas we seem to have vis-a-vis South Korea and Formosa appear to find their ultimate expression in the situation in South Vietnam. Wouldn't you agree, Senator?

Yes, I think that's so. And here again, it is a fact that we are in South Vietnam only because the Communists refuse to let the Saigon government alone. If they were to call off the insurrection against that government and leave South Vietnam and her neighbors alone, we'd be only too willing to withdraw our forces from that region of the world. Nevertheless, it may not seem this way to many Asians. I remember spending some months in India during the Second World War. I had the opportunity to talk to Indian intellectuals and revolutionaries. They made a sharp distinction between me, as an American, and my English friends. They understood that the United States had been the first colony to achieve its independence from George III. They had read our Declaration of Independence; they could quote passages from Thomas Paine, from Thomas Jefferson and from Abraham Lincoln. But once I left their company and went out onto the great flat lands of India itself, and encountered ordinary Indian people, it was apparent from the way they treated all Americans, that they made no distinction between us and the British. We were all white men. To them, we all represented Western imperialism. I'm afraid that in South Vietnam today, there are a great many of the indigenous peoples who make little distinction between our American uniforms and the old French uniforms, and therefore, we are once again faced with the problem of making our position in Vietnam credible to the Asian people with whom we must deal.

Then that raises probably the most fundamental question of all. Should we have gone into South Vietnam in the first place?

Looking back upon it, I would say that Mr. Dulles was mistaken when he persuaded President Eisenhower that we ought to intervene in South Vietnam after the French defeat. After all, the French had fought for years with an army of some 400,000 men in a vain effort to preserve French Indo-China, and that proud army was defeated by ragged guerrilla forces which could not be overcome. Nevertheless, we did make that decision and we now have to live with it.

Thus far, the Saigon government has not been able to win the war. Do you think that the war can ever be won?

I really don't know. I think that we have to continue to honor our commitments to the Saigon government to make sure that it has all of the weapons, the equipment, food, and financial assistance needed to carry on the war. We have given such help in massive quantity, and I think that we must continue to do so.

But in the end, the capacity of Saigon to win the war will depend on the cohesiveness of public support that can be achieved. Some political stability will be essential. The people themselves must have the will to continue the fight. For nearly twenty years now, fighting has been going on in this unhappy region of the world. The people are weary of war. If the spirit to fight on is preserved, we can provide the material aid necessary, and the war eventually can be won. To do this, I think South Vietnam must be sealed off from supplies from the north, both over the jungle trails and from the sea. But in the last analysis, victory or defeat will depend upon the South Vietnamese people themselves. The thing we must remember is that there is no way for us to win their war for them. It is a guerrilla war, at root an indigenous revolution against the existing government, the kind of war where it's exceedingly difficult to tell the enemy from the people. It can only be won by the people themselves.

When you say seal off supplies to the Viet Cong from North Vietnam and from the sea, are you implying that the South Vietnamese have sufficient military capability to do this?

I think that it's possible for them to accomplish this militarily, particularly if we can bring about a joint military effort in Laos which will interdict the Ho Chi Minh trail. It's possible, also, that we can find a role for the United Nations to play in maintaining the integrity of the boundaries in this area.

Isn't it true that a lot of the warfare is being waged by captured American arms, with the result that the insurrectionists are already rather self-sufficient?

Yes. It isn't well enough understood that the war in the south cannot be won in the north, even though it would be helpful to cut off the supply lines which continue to give aid and comfort to the Viet Cong. Basically, the Viet Cong consists of South Vietnamese; the bulk of their weaponry is captured, and they have the capability of maintaining their attacks, independent of North Vietnam. Therefore, it's folly to think that, by extending the war northward, there is a way out for us. All one needs to do is to look at the map to see that this is the way in, not out, and that the war can be more easily won, not by taking on the whole North Vietnamese army, but by confining it to the 25,000 hard-core Viet Cong that are involved in the south. If they cannot be put down by the Saigon government, with all of the aid and assistance we are giving it, then our predicament will only be worsened by extending the war northward and increasing the enemy force many times.

Moreover, let us remember that, within the past two years, China invaded India. Also, it was Red China that came down from the north when she felt herself threat-

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ened by approaching American troops in Korea. Thus, there is little basis for us to assume that China might not respond in like fashion to Vietnam, if the war were to be extended northward. Then, we would have the whole of the Chinese army to contend with as well, and we would be faced with a tragic trail of casualties in this region of the world, out of all proportion to the vital interests of the United States.

Assuming that South Vietnam could be insulated and assuming further that we kept pouring in more and more supplies, what should be the policy of the United States if this effort failed nonetheless, and the war in South Vietnam could not be won?

I would hope that we could then find the maturity to accept that fact. France did so, both here and in Algeria. Algeria, incidentally, meant a great deal more to the economy of France than Vietnam does to ours. Besides, Algeria was for many years considered a part of France, where more than a million Frenchmen lived. When, in the end, the French government found that there was no way to put down the insurrection against it, that the will for independence in Algeria was irresistible, the statesmanship of de Gaulle made it possible for the French to recognize the inevitable and to make a peaceful settlement in Algeria. This involved a French withdrawal.

Now, South Vietnam has never been, nor do we want it to be, an American possession. It is alien to the United States in almost every way, and it is as remote from the United States as any country in the world. If, despite all of its material advantages, the Saigon government can't prevail, because it simply lacks the indigenous support of the people of the country, then I would hope that we would recognize that it is not our country and never has been. The war is there for *them* to win or to lose. If it is lost and there is no way left to win it, we should accept that fact.

And by that, do you mean that we should withdraw our support?

I think in that event, withdrawal would be forced upon us, for the Vietnamese themselves would form some kind of government which would invite us out. I hope it never comes to that, but we must be prepared for that possibility.

Wouldn't it be possible, even before that time, for the United States to make certain diplomatic moves to support the French proposals advocating neutrality for all of southeast Asia? Wouldn't that bring about a resolution of the problem, particularly as it wouldn't require withdrawal in the face of defeat?

Neutrality for all of southeast Asia, for the whole of that great peninsula, is a proper objective, providing that it is not a camouflage for a Communist take-over. If we were able to sustain the Saigon government sufficiently long to permit it to win its war, or if we were to stabilize the situation in this region in such a way that it would be possible to go with some trump cards to the conference table, then I think we might reach an international agreement, declaring this whole region to be neutral, and requiring the withdrawal of all foreign troops. We could guarantee the integrity of that agreement with our own military power. If it were violated by invasion from China or any other country, we could commit ourselves, along with the other nations joined in the international accord, to the maintenance of its integrity.

That would only guarantee territorial integrity from external aggression. How would that help in terms of internal insurrection?

The only answer to Communist subversion, burrowing from within a country, is to be found within that country itself. If its government is a decent one and enjoys general popular support, the internal Communist problem can be successfully dealt with. Malaya is a good example. There, a few years ago, Communists undertook the same kind of guerrilla war against the Malayan government as South Vietnam is plagued with today. The same tactics were used. The same dedicated, hard-core revolutionaries were at work and, too, there was a very large Chinese population in Singapore which might have given shelter and support to the Communist activity. Yet, Malaya was able to deal with this problem, to isolate the Communist guerrillas from the rest of the population, and to stamp out the insurrection. Malaya had the kind of government that enjoyed the confidence and support of the people. The thing for us to remember is that, unless the people themselves are willing to rally behind their government, unless they regard a Communist insurrection as a menace to their own well-being, there is no way that American forces can intervene to save the day. If we move in and take over in an effort to thwart the impending success of a Communist insurrection, the Asian peoples involved will forget entirely our good motivation, and will come at once to regard the war as one between a white western force on the one hand, and indigenous Asian forces on the other. And there is no way for us to win such a war on the Asian continent. We have to recognize that the period of western occupation and control in Asia is gone. It is now Asia for the Asians. Nothing would be more futile than to permit ourselves to be sucked into a war which would pit western forces against Asian forces, for even if we were able, by brute muscle power, to take a large chunk of Asian territory, we could not stay there long. Our only harvest would be implacable hostility on all sides and the tides of history would, in

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Senator Frank Church

the end, wash over us. No lasting victory could be achieved.

Everything you say seems to fit the situation in South Vietnam at the time that we are talking. We have had, in the last year or two, any number of regimes in South Vietnam, plus a war that seems to be hopelessly bogged down. Is it because of the failure of the Saigon government, or I should say governments, to fulfill the needs of the people?

I think that the government in South Vietnam has been incompetent, to say the least. It must be viewed for what it is, a military despotism. Communist North Vietnam is also such a despotism, but this hardly gives the people of South Vietnam a clear-cut choice between free government and tyranny. Nor should we think of this war in terms of preserving a free economic system against the imposition of a socialist system, for the fact is that both the governments are committed to socialism.

Is there much difference between the regime in North Vietnam and the regime in, say, Malaya?

There's the nominal difference that one calls itself Communist and has a certain allegiance to Communist doctrines as well as certain ties with other Communist governments, while the other calls itself non-communist. But I think that if one were to examine the internal character of these governments, and how they deal with the people, or if one were to explore the degree of individual freedom that may, in fact, exist in either country, or the method of organization of the economy, the similarities between the two countries would greatly exceed the differences.

And yet we're able to live quite comfortably with Malaya and we're not able to live comfortably with North Vietnam. Doesn't this expose a certain basic fallacy in all of our foreign policy, particularly whenever we come across the word "Communist" as a label of distinction between two countries?

Well, there is certainly this tendency in our attitude. I don't think that it governs our policy decisions entirely, but it often colors them. We are in danger of becoming as narrowly ideological on our side as the Communists are on theirs, and this could make American policy increasingly unrealistic. I hope we avoid this pitfall.

Taking into consideration everything that you've said so far about our policy toward Asia, don't we face a rather difficult future now that China is a nuclear power?

Yes. The situation will become increasingly difficult once China has a nuclear arsenal. Of course, the recent detonation of a nuclear device is significant in terms of prospects, but the ultimate significance will be realized, say, about ten years from now when the Chinese will

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probably have an *effective* nuclear arm. This would change the power balance in Asia immensely, and China might well seek to use her newfound power to establish a hegemony over southeast Asia, where China has traditionally enjoyed a sphere of influence. I would hope, by then, that we will have drawn our lines in strict conformity with our vital interests, so that we never find ourselves faced in southeast Asia with the dilemma that confronted Khrushchev in Cuba, when he was compelled to withdraw under highly humiliating circumstances, simply because his gamble was not worth the candle. When it comes to nuclear confrontation, countries must make their stand conform to their mortal interests. The stakes must be absolute, for the consequences are too terrible to permit the frivolous commitment of nuclear weapons.

In other words, once China has atomic capability, any South Vietnam situation would be almost certain to end with the humiliation of having to withdraw or face a nuclear threat from virtually next door. Is that what you are implying, Senator?

Yes. Unless we look ahead and undertake *now* to revise our policy in Asia, we could face such a debacle sometime in the future.

Assuming that China will have a nuclear capability in the foreseeable future, does this automatically imply that China is going to take over all of Asia?

I wouldn't think so. Chinese divisions decisively defeated the Indian troops defending India two years ago, but China recognized that the conquest of India would not only strain her own resources to the limit, but would also result in greater problems for her than solutions, and, therefore, elected – having shown her capabilities – to withdraw her forces once more. In the event that China establishes her own nuclear arsenal, it is much more likely that she will seek to create a sphere of influence in southeast Asia, similar to the one the old Chinese emperors once enjoyed, which would leave other countries like Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos somewhat independent, even though these countries may become Communist in name. The important thing to remember is that there is now an unraveling within the Communist world. It isn't all one great Red dominion as it appears on the maps. Today, even those who would regard it this way, concede that there are at least two Romes, and Moscow and Peking grow increasingly hostile. Moreover, in Eastern Europe we see the satellite countries asserting their independence in more and more obvious ways, striving with some success to loosen the Russian grip upon them. The point is, that the same unraveling process is likely to occur in Asia as is now occurring in Europe, and that these satellite countries will become increasingly independent of domination from either Peking or Moscow. Thus it will become more and more possible for us to establish our separate relationships with them, as we are even now doing in the case of both Poland and Yugoslavia.

***One final question: vis-a-vis South Korea, Formosa, and South Vietnam, we seem to be in a position that can best be described as* involvement. *If the world situation changes or the war, for example, in South Vietnam cannot be won, how can we prepare ourselves as a nation, psychologically and politically, for a change from* involvement *to* disengagement?**

It's especially hard for a free, popular government to change course. We have a tendency to oversell our policy with respect to any given country in such a way that public opinion hardens behind it, and then it becomes very difficult to change course. I think we have to find the statesmanship to do this. It's possible that we have swung on the pendulum of public opinion, from the extreme of isolationism thirty years ago, when the prevailing opinion in this country was that it didn't matter to us what happened abroad, to the opposite extreme where we regard it as an American responsibility to maintain the governments of all those countries that are now nominally non-communist. This, in a sense, is an imperial attitude, even though we seek no possessions, and even though we are not attempting to impose American rule upon any of these countries. However, unless we come to accept the fact that it is neither within the power nor the interest of the United States to preserve the status quo everywhere, our policy is doomed to failure. Here again, the requirement for statesmanship is very high, but if we strive to inform the American people of the upheaval and ferment of our times, and if we give them all the facts, I think the American people will be prepared to support a flexible foreign policy, better tailored to serve the real interest of the United States in a changing world.

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Robert Scheer

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD TOM DOOLEY

I SUSPECT THAT MANY American Catholics were secretly relieved last October at the demise of Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Nhu. The reports of their "Catholic Despotism" had threatened to get out of hand. It is one thing to spread the faith and have the Church prosper, and quite another to cause Buddhist monks to burn themselves and little school children to riot. American Catholics have come to understand well that a minority survives only through tolerance, and in a nation where Catholic politicians make it a point to show up at Bar Mitzvahs, it would be unnatural if they did not come to despise Diem for the sheer incompetence of his politics. Diem, it might have been reasoned, should not have had the Buddhists shot for carrying the flag of their Church, but rather he should have carried one himself and in the front line of every major procession.

But all this is excessively cynical. There is, of course, the moral dimension. Ngo Dinh Diem was after all the man who provided a sanctuary for millions of refugees, who worked with young Dr. Tom Dooley to give these people medical aid, and who helped them to new independence and dignity with the aid of Catholic Relief Agency funds. Was it not all this that the student body of Fordham University had in mind when it gave a standing ovation for the embattled Mme. Nhu? It is a tortured connection that these students must have had with Vietnam, for they very likely had been raised to hope that in that country at least the missionary program of the Church had an idealism that was modern and clean. And then one day they find that it too could be used to taunt them. It was good, then, to read Clare Boothe Luce in the *National Review* and find out that the bad things had never happened, or that, when they did, they were necessary and therefore not really bad.

This complex sense of guilt and achievement as regards Vietnam is nowhere better exhibited than in the Jesuit weekly *America*. Casual readers of that publication may have thought it odd that its cover this past October 3, was a stark black background for the white heading "Marguerite Higgins on Vietnam." Miss Higgins, who had gone to bat for Diem in the last months of his regime, was now back to tell us about how bad things were in Saigon with her man, Diem, long gone.

This article was featured so prominently in *America* because over the years that magazine had bought deeply of the Ngo Dinh Diem myth and now, after the fall, it was out to recoup some of its losses.

Before his demise, *America* had referred to Diem as "the courageous little President of South Vietnam" and had answered his critics with the following: "If the government is in some respects authoritarian, it is because the task it had in hand demanded authority. . . . It is significant that the opposition within Vietnam to Ngo Dinh Diem does not come from the grassroots. The peasantry has given the President its full support. The discontented are usually disappointed, would-be politicians."

This was written just before the fighting in the countryside began and it is now clear that Diem's estrangement from the peasantry is the key element in the continued success of the Viet Cong campaign. But how did *America* come to work itself into a position of such total wrongheadedness? The answer is that it

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had confused the needs and aspirations of the Catholic minority (less than 10%) among the peasantry with those of the non-Catholic majority. The distinction between the Catholic and non-Catholic population was continually blurred in much of the information provided by Catholic sources about Vietnam. And it is this that was to so confuse many American Catholics when, in the last years of his regime, Diem came to be exposed as an unpopular despot.

Let me at the outside pay my respects to the position advanced by Miss Higgins. I quite agree with her (and I think with Mrs. Luce) that the issue which toppled Diem – persecution of Buddhist rituals – was largely fabricated by Buddhist dissidents to embarrass the U. S. into undercutting Diem. I agree further that the evidence indicates that the chief Buddhist agitator Tri Quang and those closest to him were after much more basic political objectives. Miss Higgins quotes what she calls "a wise and experienced foreign observer in Saigon" who says: ". . . Tri Quang will sooner or later seek to undermine any stable anti-Communist government in Vietnam in the belief that anarchy will drive the United States to go home out of exasperation and bafflement. This would permit the emergence of a neutralist or, possibly, pro-Communist state . . ."

It would seem that the thousands of Buddhists who demonstrated in support of Tri Quang also had the objective of sending the Americans home and bringing about a neutralist or pro-Communist state. As Miss Higgins quite accurately notes, the recent demonstrations were pointedly anti-American. But this desire to rid the country of Americans seems to be fairly universal in Vietnam. It is because more enlightened observers from the *New York Times* and the State Dept. will not admit to this, that they are so vulnerable to the barbs of Miss Higgins and the right-wing press. And the right wing does have a refreshing honesty. Miss Higgins records, what everyone knows, that it was a faction in the U. S. Administration that dumped Diem. This is fitting, since it was another U. S. faction ten years before that had picked him to run the country.

It is at this point that Miss Higgins' "realism" descends into what C. Wright Mills called "crackpot realism," for its basic assumption is that the U. S. has the right and need to determine the political future of Vietnam. This is a position voiced also by moderates who claim that it would be irresponsible for the U. S. simply to withdraw. And yet it has been quite clear for some time that the majority of Vietnamese would prefer just that. Although she still refers to the "fabric of free Vietnam," Miss Higgins implicitly accepts the unpopularity of the American position in Vietnam when she writes: "Maybe, if he is very lucky, Khanh can salvage the situation in Vietnam by being – let us say it loud and clear – a tough but fair military dictator who will brook no opposition to what is necessary to win the war."

This is "crackpot realism" because the U. S. has neither a right nor a need to tell the Vietnamese what type of political system they should have. It has been doing this ever since 1950 when it came to the aid of French colonialism on the assumption that Ho Chi Minh was making his revolution on orders from Moscow or China. But Ho Chi Minh, although clearly a Communist, was also a Vietnamese Nationalist, and the movement he headed satisfied a deepfelt need in Vietnamese society. But in 1954, when the French had lost at Dien Bien Phu, the U. S. was quite simply panicked by a fear of Communist expansion. It was then that our bipartisan foreign policy acquired a strong man of our own to stop Ho – and that man was, of course, Diem.

It was at this juncture of history that the Vietnamese Catholics became a pawn of American foreign policy.

CATHOLICISM FIRST CAME to Vietnam as a by-product of Portuguese expansion. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the cause of the Christian missionaries had become hopelessly entangled with the designs of the newly arrived French colonialism. There is little doubt that Catholicism was much favored by French officialdom – but, despite this, many Vietnamese Catholics shared in the intense search for independence from the French that crested at the end of World War II.

It is an uncomfortable but by now generally conceded fact of history that Ho Chi Minh and the other known Communists closest to him, were the undisputed leaders of this very popular anti-colonial movement. In the earlier "united front" days, many individual Catholics joined in this movement while others (including Diem) remained outside, critical of both camps. But by 1950 the fighting had become fierce and the sides more clearly drawn. The French, purporting to represent the "free world" in a fight against "Godless Communism," were able to pull over many Catholic leaders who had been distrustful of Ho.

In the two major Catholic provinces of Bui Chu and Phat Diem, the Bishops formed their own armies to fight alongside the French against the Viet Minh. After the French were forced, by military reverses, to sue for peace at Geneva in June of 1954, the Catholics who had fought with them on the losing side were in a difficult position. Aside from facing the natural antipathy of the Viet Minh's ideological leadership, the Catholics were now distrusted by the majority of the population who had sided with the Viet Minh. The side of the Viet Minh which the Catholics had fought was an immensely popular one at that time. No less authority than President Eisenhower had written: "I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that, had elections been held as of the time of the fighting, possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader. . . . The mass of the population supported the enemy."

This fact, that the Catholic leadership's hostility to Ho's movement was not shared by the general population, is absolutely essential to an understanding of the history that follows.

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After the Geneva accords had been signed, the Catholic community in the North was aided by two developments. The first is that the accords contained a provision permitting migration from one half of the country to the other within a period of 300 days following the date of signing. The other was the creation by the Americans of the Diem regime in the South. This last is important, for, if the South had offered little promise of security, it might not have drawn the refugees.

Diem had served in the French Colonial administration, but resigned when he found French rule too restrictive. He later sat out the war between the Viet Minh and the French in exile – first in Japan and then in the U. S.

Diem would have been merely another *emigré* politician had he not won the favor of an intensely loyal and influential group of Americans. When Diem assumed power in 1954, he was perhaps better known in the U. S. than in Vietnam. Not the least among his American followers was Cardinal Spellman. He had met Diem in 1950 through the intercession of Diem's brother, a Bishop of the Church in Vietnam. Diem was to live most of the three years he spent in exile in the U. S. (1950 to 1953) as a ward of Spellman's diocese, in the seminaries of the Maryknoll missionaries. It would be an error to attribute Diem's succession to power solely to Spellman's effort. It was a much more universal lobbying effort which put Diem over and he emerged as much a favorite of the liberals as of the American Catholic Church, but Spellman's commitment to Diem certified him as an important anti-Communist, and it certainly helped considerably to boost the "Little Mandarin" into power. Once this was accomplished, the Catholic minority in the North had a place of refuge, and the Bishops of Phat Diem and Bui Chu who had led their parish armies against the Viet Minh, now started a massive migration South.

Most of the refugees came from these two provinces, and the priests, by all accounts, did their bit to increase the flow. Slogans such as, "God and the Virgin have gone South, only the Devil remains in the North," proved very effective. They came to manufacture grisly atrocity stories about the fate of Catholics who fell into Communist hands, and in this they were aided by over-anxious American CIA agents.

The CIA was concerned, as it is paid to be, with a more narrowly political objective. The fact was, and even they knew it (there being better trained CIA agents in Vietnam than in Cuba), that Diem had only slight support in Vietnam. The Americans (M. S. U. professors, AID officials, Catholic welfare representatives and CIA agents) who were pouring into Vietnam, were for him, but few of the Vietnamese in the South had heard of Diem, let alone recognized him as the leader of *their* independence movement.

Elections had been scheduled, in the Geneva accords, for July of 1956 to choose a national government for all of Vietnam, and Diem's prospects against Ho were laughable. If he was to hold the country and avoid holding the elections (another "free world" objective), he had to have some base of support that at least looked Vietnamese. This is where the Catholic refugees from the North come in.

The refugees also made good public relations copy for American consumption. It had become a bit sticky for the U. S. as the self-proclaimed leader of the "free world," to continue to justify its efforts in Vietnam to shore up a government that it proclaimed as the anti-Colonial, anti-Communist, Nationalist alternative. Too many reports from observers in Saigon had made it clear that most of the people favored the other side.

The "Flight to Freedom" of the refugees provided a way out.

The political effort of this "flight to freedom" could only be successfully exploited by making the refugees and their hostility to the Viet Minh appear typical of the population at large. This was achieved by alternately blurring the fact that the refugees were primarily Catholic and/or by implying that the rest of the population was also of that faith.

The master publicist of this view was Dr. Thomas Dooley in his book *Deliver Us From Evil.*

It is to be hoped that a modern American Catholic who attains Sainthood shall number among his accomplishments the skillful usage of prime TV time in the service of his Lord. The late Dr. Thomas Dooley is certainly to be taken as an important contender for such honor. His work as a Naval Medical officer in aiding the flight of the refugees was impressive enough. But his major achievement was to convince a goodly segment of the American public that the flight of the refugees represented a condemnation of the Viet Minh by the bulk of the Vietnamese population. It then followed that the U. S. must come to the aid of these people and to help them maintain their freedom under God and Diem.

But there is no doubting the sincerity with which Dooley shared the plight of the refugees. He wrote: ". . . recognizing us as friends and not as foes, they hoisted, on a broken spar their own drenched flag; a flag they had hidden for years . . . their symbol, their emblem, their heraldry . . . to the top of their highest mast they hauled the Papal banner, a yellow and gold flag displaying the Pope's tiara and the keys of Saint Peter." And a moving account it is. The difficulty with all this is that the symbolism of the Pope's tiara and the Keys of St. Peter would be meaningless to nine-tenths of the Vietnamese population, and to imply, as Dooley continually did, that the grievances of the Catholic minority were general to the population, was quite simply deceitful.

Dooley believed strongly that Ho Chi Minh and the other leaders of the Viet Minh movement, being Communists, were therefore "devils" in the medieval sense of that term. The seventeenth parallel, which divided the South from the North, was referred to quite literally as the "rim of hell."

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The blurb on the pocket edition of *Deliver Us From Evil* cries out for the "diseased, mutilated Asians fleeing from the Godless cruelties of Communism . . . thousands of evacuees fleeing from Communist terror. What Dooley saw on this mission, he was never to forget. What he experienced there at the rim of hell was to determine the purpose and meaning of his whole life."

This is one paperback that delivers on the claims of its jacket blurbs. As Dooley stated it, "justice demands that some of the atrocities we learned of in Haiphong be put on record."

UNFORTUNATELY, DOOLEY learned only of Communist atrocities. Other observers have discovered atrocities committed, sporadically, by the French, the Vietnamese colonial troops, bandits and the Viet Minh as isolated instances of a brutal war. But, in Dooley's world, atrocities must be the work of the Devil working through Godless Communism. Christian soldiers, be they in the French Foreign Legion or in Diem's secret police, could never be consciously cruel. Dooley reiterated this theme in high schools, churches and television studios across America. Thousands of Catholic high school girls committed themselves to helping America stop "the demons of Communism stalking outside." Dooley never lost an opportunity to warn of "the Godless cruelties of Communists" and "the poisons of Communist hatred." These audiences were regaled to late hours with Communist horror stories. For example, according to Dooley's rendering of history, when Ho Chi Minh began his war against the French in December, 1946, he "started it by disemboweling more than 1,000 native women in Hanoi because they had been working for, married to, or living with the French." This image of Ho Chi Minh dripping with the blood of a thousand females is gripping enough, but it is a lie. It is an assertion unsupported by any available evidence. The most authoritative French historian of that period, Paul Mus, has written: "I am today in a position to state and to prove that four-fifths of the stories or reports of awful atrocities inflicted by the Vietnamese on our compatriots in Hanoi, December 19, 1946 are either made up or in error."

Total French deaths at that time were 43, a not very impressive number when compared with the between six thousand and twenty thousand Vietnamese left dead as a result of the French bombardment of the city of Haiphong, a city at peace, a month earlier.

It seems that the priests with whom Dooley came into contact fed him a steady stream of atrocity stories (ears torn off, testicles beaten, nails driven into the head to make a crown of thorns) in order to elicit further American support for the refugees and Diem. Very often these atrocities were the result of bandit gangs (tearing an ear is their traditional mark), sporadic violence by guerrillas, or family feuds. There is simply no evidence to support the assertion that the Viet Minh had a policy of perpetrating atrocities or that they had any greater responsibility for them than the other parties in that vicious war. Dooley holding to a simple "devil" theory of Communism was nicely set up to believe the worst, but it misses the point. If the Viet Minh had been as brutal as Dooley describes, they could never have elicited the popular devotion that was theirs. As President Eisenhower has written: "Again, the problem involved local public opinion. The enemy had much popular sympathy, and many civilians aided them by providing both shelter and information. The French still had sufficient forces to win if they could induce the regular Vietnamese soldiers to fight vigorously with them and the populace to support them. *But guerrilla warfare cannot work two ways; normally only one side can enjoy reliable citizen help.*" If terror alone could produce popular support, Diem would still be the ruler of Vietnam.

Dooley's simple hostility to Communist "devilry" was matched by an equally simple respect for American goodness. The fact that the U. S. had made possible the French effort to crush the enormously popular revolution that Ho Chi Minh had led completely escaped him.

One gets the impression, from reading Dooley, that the American effort in Vietnam began, not with the two billion dollars that the U. S. spent between 1950 and 1954 in providing eighty per cent of the cost of the French war effort, but rather with Dooley's humanitarian mission. As Dooley wrote, "We had come late to Vietnam, but we had come. And we brought not bombs and guns, but help and love." Dooley shared the perception of most Americans during the Cold War that every action of the U. S. government abroad extended human freedom. It was his simple conviction that American institutions were the most desirable for all peoples at all times, and, of those institutions, Dooley seemed most addicted to the world of American advertising. "Rest assured, we continually explained to thousands of refugees, as individuals and in groups, that only in a country which permits companies to grow large could such fabulous charity be found. With every one of the thousands of capsules of terramycin and with every dose of vitamins on a baby's tongue, these words were said: 'Dai La My-Quoc Vien-Tro' (This is American Aid)."

Dooley had been sold the line of total Communist evil, and he passed it on to the millions who read his books. To them Vietnam was half slave – half free – the diplomats with their Geneva accords had sold half the population into slavery, and if ordinary Americans didn't follow Dooley's lead and do something, the rest would go under soon. As it is put in *Deliver Us From Evil:* "There were still a couple of million behind the bamboo curtain who never had a chance. But we had done the best we could. And I hope the men who made the deal at that lovely Geneva lakeside are happy with the results."

The lesson was clear: another attempt to deal with the Communists had led to the enslavement of free people. Dooley's readers did not know that the Geneva

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accords occurred only after the Viet Minh had overrun 80% of the country and were on the brink of total victory. Nor did they know that the victory was based on the support of the bulk of the population.

Dooley was joined in his attacks on "the deal" at Geneva by Cardinal Spellman. It seemed in 1954 and the beginning of 1955 that the Eisenhower Administration might permit the elections, called for in the Geneva accords, to be held in Vietnam. Diem would have lost the elections to Ho Chi Minh. It was at this point that Spellman weighed in heavily on the side of Diem, and against any such "appeasement."

In a widely covered speech before the American Legion Convention on August 1, 1954, Spellman stated: "If Geneva and what was agreed upon there means anything at all, it means . . . taps for the buried hopes of freedom in Southeast Asia! Taps for the newly betrayed millions of Indochinese who must now learn the awful facts of slavery from their eager Communist masters! Now the devilish techniques of brainwashing, forced confessions and rigged trials have a new locale for their exercise."

Spellman combined acceptance of the essential myths of the Administration's containment policy ("... Communism has a world plan and it has been following a carefully set up timetable for the achievement of that plan") with the passion of a missionary raised against the scourge ("... the infamies and agonies inflicted upon the hapless victims of Red Russia's bestial tyranny.")

Cardinal Spellman

Spellman called for the destruction of Ho Chi Minh's revolution: ". . . else we shall risk bartering our liberties for lunacies, betraying the sacred trust of our forefathers, becoming serfs and slaves to Red rulers' Godless goons."

Now this sort of thing, while in keeping with the spirit of the Cold War, has a tendency to get out of hand. The State Department and the President knew full well that Ho Chi Minh and his cohorts were a good deal more than one of the "Red rulers' Godless goons." They also knew that negotiations with the Red rulers were at times possible, for they had just settled the Korean war with the "worst" Red rulers of them all — the Chinese Communists. Spellman's speech was an attack upon the U. S. State Department as well as on the Communists and an attempt to move the Administration to a harder position on Vietnam.

After congratulating the American Legion for its "deep concern lest subversive groups undermine our American Way of Life . . .", Spellman warned: "there is a vast number of our countrymen who live in complete indifference to the terrifying fact that communism will settle for nothing less than the domination of the whole world." The danger lay in the illusion of peace with the Communists: "the Americans must not be lulled into sleep by indifference nor be beguiled by the prospect of peaceful co-existence with the Communists. How can there be peaceful coexistence between two parties, if one of them is continually clawing at the throat of the other . . ."

And then Spellman neatly tied up his various themes: "Do you peacefully coexist with men who thus would train the youth of their godless, Red world . . .?" And finally, in the event that the Administration did not respond to their call, the Cardinal asked the assembled Legionnaires to pray for God's intervention: "Be with us, Blessed Lord, lest we forget and surrender to those who have attacked us without cause, those who have repaid us with evil for good and hatred for love."

The Eisenhower Administration gave in to this type of pressure, and the Geneva accords were simply forgotten.

THE REFUGEES, in addition to being a good vehicle for winning public approval in the U.S. to a "hard" position on Vietnam, were important as the only popular base for Diem's regime. Diem consolidated his power by crushing the armies of the rival religious sects, by preventing opposition parties, and by purging suspected sympathizers of the Viet Minh.

But as much as they desired to, the CIA was not really equipped to organize the refugees into a stable social base for Diem's rule. It was much easier to encourage a poor and illiterate peasantry to flee their homeland by putting out horror stories than it was to reorganize them into new villages in the South. This

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task could not have been performed without the aid of the Catholic Relief Services division of the Catholic Welfare Conference. This project was administered by Monsignor Harnett, who now runs that Agency's Far Eastern operation from their suite on the sixty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building.

In the three years that followed the refugee migrations, Harnett's Agency was responsible for the distribution of some $35,000,000 in Catholic Relief Service aid. (Cardinal Spellman had personally delivered a check for the first one million.) Monsignor Harnett also administrated a much larger amount of U. S. aid which the official U. S. agencies could not handle. This was all accomplished through an administrative structure, with the village priest as its base unit. The priests would report the needs of their village to Harnett, and the Catholic Relief Agency would then ship surplus American food directly to them in Agency trucks. This slip-shod arrangement was probably necessary, but it has given rise to a continuous stream of incidents of graft and corruption.

After three years of such efforts, Bernard Fall, a Vietnam specialist, reported: "Obviously most of the refugees were then still living from handouts rather than from the fruits of their labor." It was basically a "Welfare" program, based on the U. S. providing enormous amounts of surplus food and clothing. Dollar aid to the refugees in the first three years, totalled $89 per person, which is very large for a country with an annual per capita income of $85.

It is now widely recognized in the U. S. that a very disproportionate share of the high military and government positions in Vietnam were held by Catholics. But it is not as greatly understood that they were used to coerce the non-Catholic rural population which favored the Viet Minh. The Catholic refugees arrived in South Vietnam penniless and without land; the Diem Government's "welfare" program was an obvious gain for them. But for the non-Catholic rural population that same Government was a disaster.

The Agrarian Reform program, which Diem and his American advisers introduced to the countryside, seemed, on paper, to be a step forward. It fixed rentals at a maximum of 15-25% and provided a system whereby the peasants could purchase land. But as compared to the program which the Viet Minh had already instituted, it was a step backwards for the peasant. It meant a return of the landlord, and its "enlightened" provisions were translated into the reality of peasants now paying maximum rental and making installment purchases on land that the Viet Minh had already given them. It is for this reason that the Diem government never achieved any significant support from the non-Catholic majority of the countryside.

The non-Catholic peasantry did not share the refugees' fear of Communism. The agrarian program of the Diem government could not improve on that previously instituted by the Viet Minh. For these reasons, the Diem regime came to settle for a policy of controlling, rather than winning over the peasantry.

For the first months of its administration, the Diem regime undertook sweeping pacification campaigns throughout the countryside. These were designed to ferret out any opposition to the government. Children were given awards for testifying that their parents were sympathizers of the Viet Minh. Former members of the resistance were incarcerated in "re-education" centers, and those suspected of being active agents of the Viet Minh were jailed or simply shot. The Government agents who carried out this terror were largely Catholic refugees. The anti-Catholic riots of the past year are a reaction to this earlier coercion.

The refugees had come South in the pursuit of religious freedom and security. The Diem government and its American advisors then used these people for their own political ends. As a result, they came to be an alienated and despised minority in a country ripe for revolt. In 1955, Graham Greene warned: "Mr. Diem may well leave his tolerant country a legacy of anti-Catholicism."

On the American side, the use of the Catholic refugees for propaganda served to greatly confuse the American public on the true situation in Vietnam. It gave the delusion that we were helping a whole people along the path to *their* freedom when for better or worse they wanted to travel the other way. In order to stop them, we had had as a last resort to destroy their countryside and villages with Napalm bombs and chemical defoliates. The one indisputable fact of the Vietnam story is that the U.S. is on the unpopular side. It is time for the American public to criticise America's colonial adventure as much as we did those of the French. In order to do this we must rid ourselves of the Tom Dooley-Cardinal Spellman type of myth about the aspirations of the Vietnamese. After all, if the war continues, may it not one day be called Cardinal Spellman's final solution to the Vietnam question?

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Songs from Hugo Wolf's Italian Song Book

Translated by James Schevill

(These songs are translated from the German of Paul Heyse, the novelist and playwright who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1910. Heyse, in turn adapted various Italian folk poems called Rispetto *and* Velote, *short, formal, lighthearted love poems written in ten or eleven syllable, end-stopped lines. My translations of Wolf's song cycle were commissioned by the singers, Margot Blum and James Schwabacher. I have read my translations and they have sung the songs in a simplified concert staging by Matthew Ferrugio of the San Francisco Opera Company in various cities throughout the country.* – James Schevill.)

I

Such little things can give us pleasure,
Although their cost must thrift appall.
Think how much we women fancy pearls,
These stones that cost so much and are so small.
Just think how slight the olive's little fruit,
Yet how we suck it to its fragrant stone.
Think of the bursting rose, how small its grace,
And smells so sweet, to your sweet face.

II

You are the most beautiful star in space,
More lovely than the flowers of May,
A prouder stance than Orvieto's church,
Viterbo's fountains only light your way.

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Your body rises in such symmetry
Siena's high cathedral bows to you.
Your loveliness is so uniquely rare,
With you, even Siena can't compare!

III

Be quiet, just for once, you noisy peasant!
You'll drive me mad with your damned singing.
If you kept it up from dawn to night,
You'd never find a melody that's right.
So, please, be quiet! If you don't mind my saying,
I'd rather hear a stupid donkey braying!

IV

I eat my bread now wet with flowing tears.
A thorn is sticking in my tender foot.
In vain I look around to left and right
And can't find any man who will stay put.
Even a little old man with a cane
I'd take, if he could drive away this pain.
I do not mean, of course, an old man who is
Withering down from his head to shoe.
I mean, of course, to make myself quite clear—
A little, old man in his fourteenth year.

V

I was informed, but not surprised to hear,
That my friend, Tony, is love-sick and dying.
His hunger for his girl is so severe
That he needs seven loaves for satisfying.
Even the seven loaves may not appease
His hunger; he'll need a sausage too for ease.
So if Tonina does not feed his pain,
Famine may sweep through this land again!

VI

If you would see your lover dying, happy,
Oh lovely lady, please loosen your hair.
Let it fall long and free from your white shoulders
In threads of purest gold that shine and flare.
Slow strands of gold weaving in wind,
Your hair is lovely, almost as fair as you.
These golden, silken threads dazzle the air.

How beautiful you are in shining hair.

VII

Last night I rose up from my bed at midnight
And found my heart had fled in secrecy.
I asked: "Heart, where are you trying to go?"
It said: "I've gone away to see my lover."
Look then at how much love my love is due.
My heart leaps from my chest just to see you.

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VIII

My lover is so small he doesn't bend
As, with his long hair, he sweeps my parlor floor;
And when he picks sweet jasmine in my garden,
A snail scares him to his little core.
Retreating to his house to rest awhile,
A fly buzzes his head and knocks him over.
Fleeing to my window, almost dead.
He hears a bee swoop in to break his head.
Oh damn all of these tiny buzzing insects,
And those who have a lover from Maremma.
A curse on flies, bees, on all hissing things,
On loves who make one stoop so low for kissing.

IX

Early in the morning when you rise,
You burn the floating clouds away from Heaven;
The sun rides in your eyes to mountain peaks
And angels sing as if they'd made a pledge
To bring you gracefully your morning clothes.
As at early Mass you must appear,
All people stop to stare as you draw near,
And down the aisle approach the holy altar.
The fire in your eyes ignites the candles.
Upon your breast you trace the sacred cross,
The holy water touches your white skin.
You bow your head and bend your knee in prayer . . .
What pride and grace God's given to you
That kindle in your hair a crown of beauty.
Your life is changed as you kneel there to pray.
The gift of beauty's been given you today.

X

Blessed is this green and he who wears it,
So I'll have made for me a country dress.
I'll wear the hills and grass and fields of spring,
My lover dances in my eyes in green.
The hunter's suit is green under the sun,
And, look, in green my lover dances on.
Green makes each thing lovely that is seen;
All fruit grows from those branches that are green.

XI

I have a lover in the town of Penna,
Another in Maremma in the north,
The third lives in the harbor of Ancona,
Viterbo's where I go to meet the fourth.
The fifth's in Casentino near the sea.
The next one on my list lives here with me!
But I've another hidden in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

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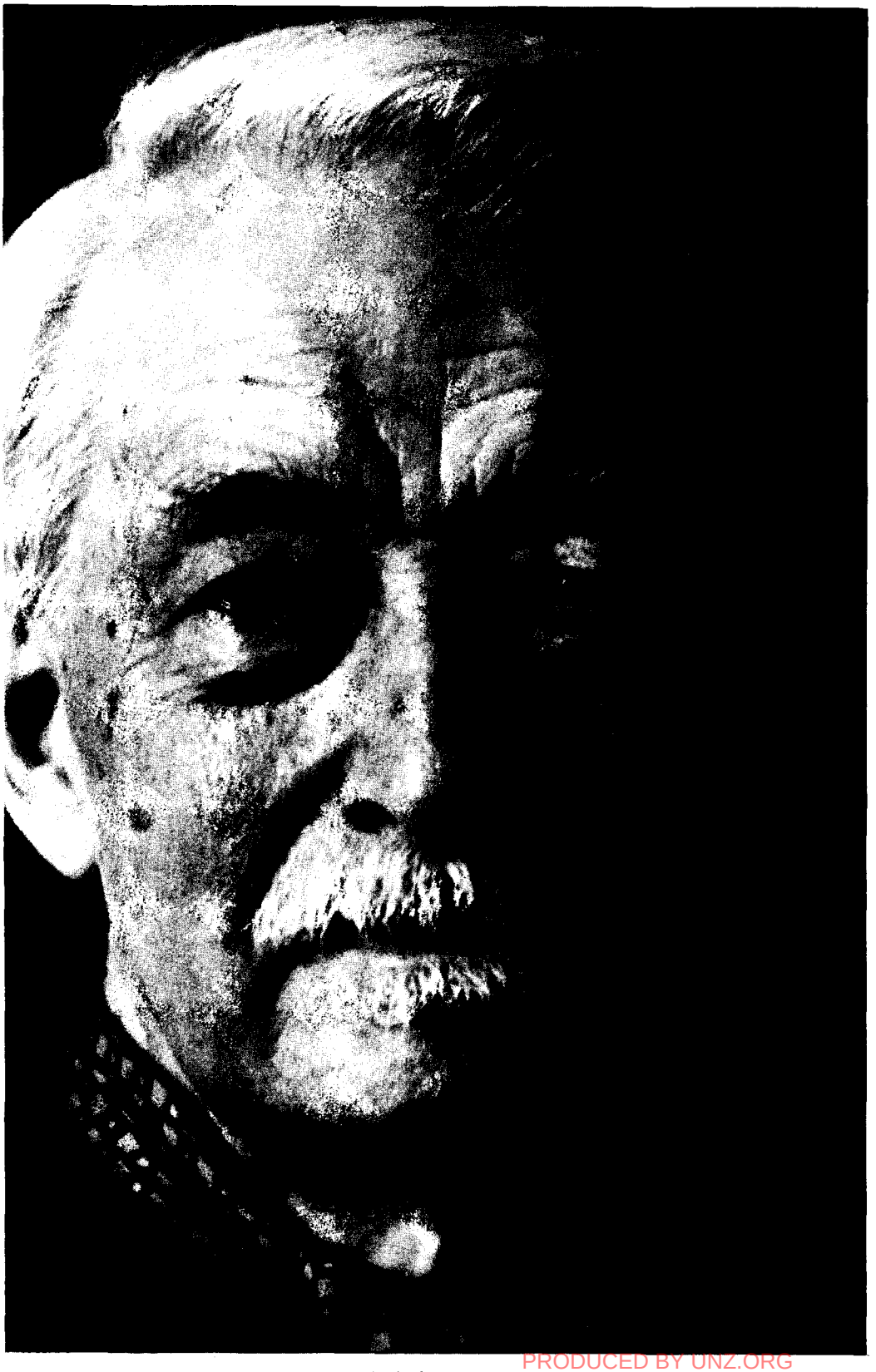
ARTHUR LOURIÉ: A



Jacques Maritain

I HAD *known of Arthur Lour youth in France. He was co musical figures of that time and wo with Stravinsky. Then he disappe he was not heard from again. We a Yet one still read references to his w Maritain.*

In September, 1963, I went to visit ton. We were talking, and Jacqu here whom I want you to meet. night. He's a musician, and he living in complete isolation, and h of fellow musicians.' I asked, "Wh "It's Arthur Lourié."

Of course I was astonished. But my to delight when, a few hours late ered that the person who was wat (who was then very much invalid who was an extremely gifted scu but who was so quiet, so retiring that she was the housekeeper.

It was an evening I shall long r urged Lourié to let me hear some tant at first, but eventually, almo his music. We played some toge works which had been recorded. ill, started to go up to his room, forming the music, he came back closed his eyes, and listened very were performing.

Photography a
JOHN HOWARI

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great composer rediscovered

nd from my own one of the great n of on equal terms ter World War II, d that he had died. be pages of Jacques

Maritain at Prince- "There's someone ning to dinner to- lp. He's a recluse, the companionship Jacques answered:

yment soon yielded arrived. I discov- house for Jacques Lourié's wife, Ella, extremely artistic, had just supposed

r. After dinner, I usic. He was reluc- ly, he showed me listened to other who had been very n he heard us per- in a chaise longue, y to the music we

by
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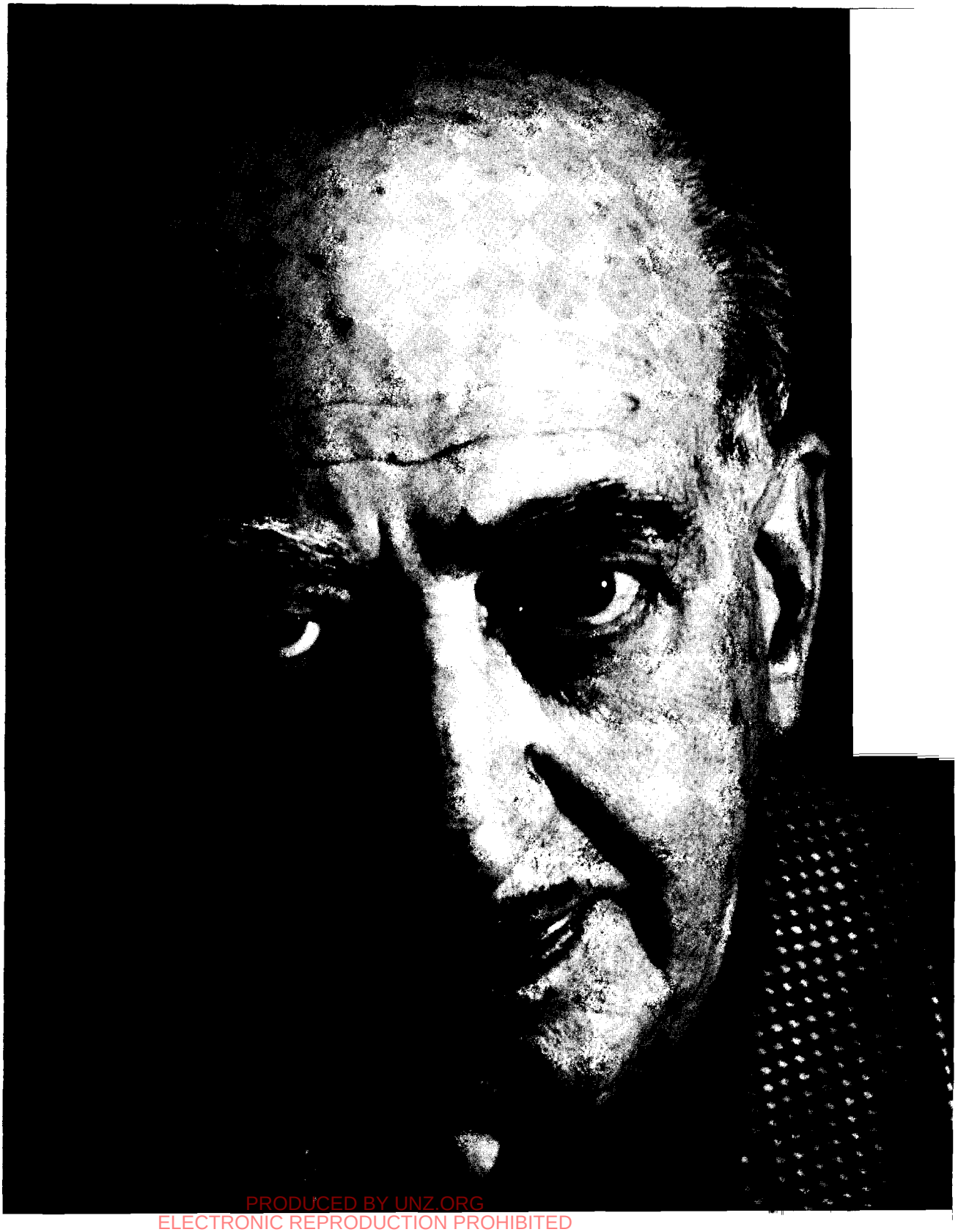

Arthur Lourié

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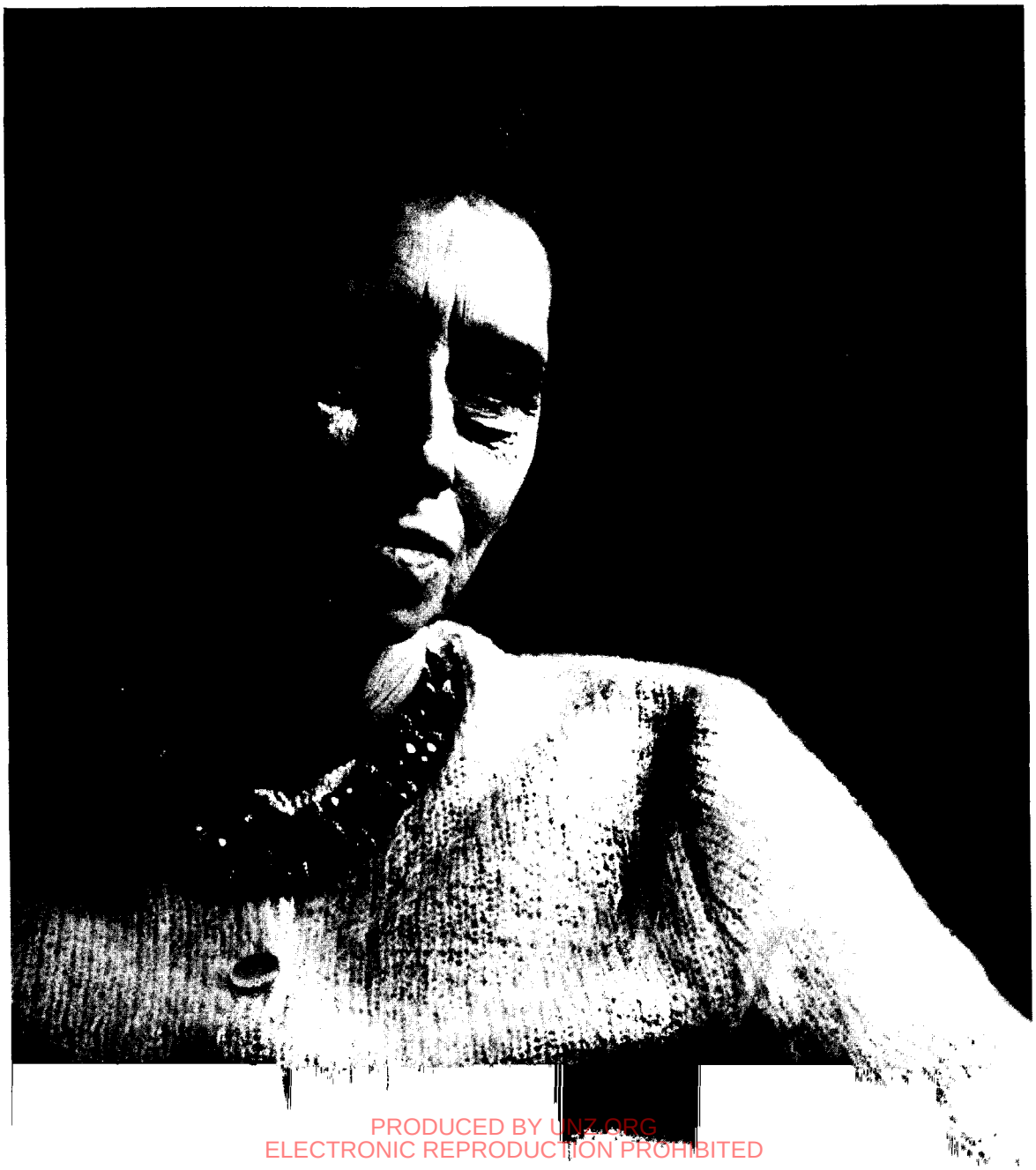
LOURIÉ REDISCOVERED

THAT memorable evening we played through a great deal of Lourié's music. When I went into the kitchen to get a glass of water, I saw that Madame Lourié was standing just inside the kitchen, her hands clasped in front of her, with a terribly worried look on her face, an almost anguished look. She said, "What do you think of the music?" And I said, "Why, it's simply magnificent; it's overwhelming." She seized my hand and said, "Then tell him that, will you?" And I said, "It seems almost ridiculous. He knows what he's writing. It seems ridiculous for me to banalize it with that kind of compliment." She said, "No, no, no, tell him, give him some reassurance." So I did, and then I began begging him to let this music be heard, to let this music be performed.



Madame

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THE MUSIC OF LOURIÉ

Giovanni Camajani

In his own words, Arthur Vincent Lourié can be characterized as "an artist who differs from other musicians by the elaboration of esthetical experience in poetry and plastic arts." His keen intuitive powers and intellectual breadth which he exhibits in the field of philosophy, art and religion illumines his music with a penetrating mystical iridescence.

A cursory perusal of Russian music history at the turn of the century, reveals a spirit of mystic asceticism which permeated the lives of many composers of the Moscow and St. Petersburg conservatories. There was Sergei Tanieff (1850-1918) who succeeded Nicolai Rubinstein as head of the Moscow Conservatory and whose rigid asceticism approximated that of an anchorite. A product of the St. Petersburg school, Mily Alexeivich Balakireff's (1837-1910) excessive religiosity is not well known, though Rimsky-Korsakoff, in his autobiography, recounts it with tolerance and affection. In Alexander Scriabin (1872-1915), however, the music student has learned of this composer's attempt to establish an occult link between music and theosophy through his *Prometheus*, the *Poème d'Extase* and a "mystical" chord based on quartal harmony. These are but three of many Russians whose Slavic profiles have cast a long shadow which, like the Russian symbolists in literature and their preoccupation with abstract thought admixed with mystic philosophy, is still with us despite the Decembrists of 1825 or the final successful thrust of the proletariat in 1917.

Lourié today has inherited and wears the mantle of Russian mysticism with the pride of one who eschews the mundane and who as musician "exists only in as much as he is able to express the dominant values of human being and to put them into forms which are both pure and full of feeling," according to the Swiss writer, Edmond Appia. The music of Lourié, says Jacques Maritain, "is as if based on the unmeasurable depths of the human heart. Its material, as it reveals itself, becomes continually richer and more revealing. It is at the same time pure music and music full of feeling, and of a concrete universality, which is largely due to the fact that it is revived completely by the melody, which springs from the impenetrable depth of the personality of the man, and which transfigures the mass of the harmonic structure." Melody is truly the focus, the central core, the tonal bone and gristle which characterizes the music of this artist.

One of the most distinguished contemporary composers, Arthur Vincent Lourié was born in St. Petersburg on May 14, 1892. He attended the University and the Conservatory of his native city. Finding himself in disagreement with the musical thinking then prevalent, he left the Conservatory to continue his studies alone. Long before the musical world was to become aware of serial technique and the dodecaphonic (twelve-tone) system, Lourié's experiments in this field brought forth three sonatinas, the *Preludes fragiles* and *Synthesis* for piano. Further experimentation in futuristic composition saw a *Formes en l'air* (subtitled "Sound Script"), dedicated to Picasso, with a graphic imitation of cubistic design obtained by omitting the staves instead of using rests, and said to possess more points of contact with typographical art and engraving than with music. "Even at that time (1914-1916) I had realized," writes Lourié, "that atonality leads to an emotional void due to its objectivity and its abstract thinking. However, I have never rejected the twelve-tone system completely, but I use it only when I find it necessary, and not because it is considered *avant-garde* or fashionable. In general, I feel myself much nearer to modal thinking than to the atonal one."

His first attempts at religious music date from 1915. Here we note an *Ave Maria*, a *Salve Regina* and a *Lamentation à la Vierge*, this last based on a French text of the thirteenth century. In 1918, after the Bolshevik revolution, Lunacharsky, then Minister of Public Instruction, appointed Lourié to the post of *Musical Commissar of the Department of Education*. He served in this capacity until 1921, when he left Russia for Berlin, where he met with Ferruccio Busoni (d. 1924) before continuing on to Paris, never to return to his native land again. No doubt his meeting with the Italian pianist was occasioned by a mutual interest in new harmonies, and especially in Busoni's new scaler constructs as outlined in his *Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music*. Busoni's

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Giovanni Camajani *has conducted the music of Lourié in San Francisco.*

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broad intellectual interests, his philosophic concepts and concern for a cultural aristocracy must have found an attentive and sympathetic ear in Lourié. Additionally one cannot forget that Lourié possessed considerable pianistic ability, and Busoni was the shining star in the firmament of pianism of that day. Shortly after arriving in the French capital, Lourié became acquainted with a group of unusual Catholic writers and thinkers whose names are so familiar: Georges Bernanos, Mme. Leon Bloy and her daughter and Jacques and Raïssa Maritain. In 1941 Lourié came to the United States where he became a citizen in 1947.

Lourié had a number of works already to his credit when he left Russia for France. These included a ballet with chorus, *Le Masque de Neige*, choreographic fragments inspired by Cazotte's *Diable boiteux*, a march on a text by Mayakovsky, the cantata *Dans le temple du rêve d'or* for a capella chorus, a funeral chant on the death of a poet, for mixed voices and twelve wind instruments, dedicated to Alexander Blok, a *Canzone di Dante* for chorus and strings, *La Voix de la Muse*, a Japanese suite for voice and small orchestra, *Pastorale de la Volga* for oboe, bassoons, two violas and cello, *Elysium*, a group of eight songs on poems by Pushkin, and *The Alphabet*, being a series of songs based on a poem by Tolstoy. In his early period in France Lourié wrote a *Regina Coeli* for contralto, oboe and trumpet, an Improperium for baritone, four violins and double-bass, dedicated to the memory of Cardinal Mercier, a second quartette, a third entitled *Suite*, a *Sonata* for violin and double-bass, plus a divertissement for violins and violas.

The neo-classical compositional attitude of the twenties with its return to eighteenth century forms found little favor with Lourié, although he did produce a *Toccata* for piano in that idiom. Like his compatriot Stravinsky, who preceded him in Paris, Lourié then turned to religious subjects. It is interesting to note that Lourié's *Sonata Liturgica* bears a 1928 date, while Stravinsky's *Symphonie de Psaumes* came two years later though he had produced a *Paternoster* for mixed chorus a cappella in 1926. It seems more than mere coincidence that Stravinsky would interest himself with religious subjects after the "activist-dynamic-barbaric tendency" inherent in his *Le Sacré du Printemps* (1911-1913). Stravinsky's geometry of sound and his constant shifts of style accomplished with chameleon celerity are suspect for many practitioners of the art of music. Despite his admiration, Wilfred Mellers, the English critic, considers Stravinsky to be somewhat at variance with his own psyche. He sees "an amazing vacillation between styles and expressive means (and) in this highly personal world of his, he did not find real fulfillment, for everywhere there is missing a final truth." One cannot deny that his eclectic stylistics with their constant change of pace reveals a soul constantly in search of some answer. To what question? Of identity? Again Mellers states it succinctly: "In his later works Stravinsky seems to be in love with the *idea* of God, rather than with God Himself."

Unlike Stravinsky, Lourié has held fast to his Russian heritage. His identity stands firm and his roots lie with the spirit of Glinka (by his own admission) combined with the mystical grandeur of Moussorgsky so symbolic of the Russian soul. His engrossment with the ritual music of the early Church is attributed to several generations of Roman Catholic tradition in his family, while his keen intellectualism has been traced to his Jewish descent. As a young student in St. Petersburg, Lourié frequented the haunts of the Bohemian literary and artistic circles in a section of the city remembered as the *Stray Dog*, a kind of Montmartre of his native city. Here he met with many prominent Russian poets, painters and musicians. As an experimenter in new sonorities he pioneered in music using quarter tones. At this time (1915) he wrote a suite of songs with texts by Anna Akhmatova. This was one year before Prokofieff composed his *Poèmes d'Akhmatova*.

As a composer whose standards have scorned any compromise with his convictions, Lourié is a hermit in the contemporary field. All his strength and resources are found within himself, and the towering demands on himself have saved him from useless games of vapid intellection. His spiritual evolution has made it imperative that he voluntarily retire from the market place in order to fulfill himself. Such a stand is bound to isolate him from his contemporaries. This intransigency of spirit in favor of the creative act is irreconcilable with a search for success. In his music he indulges in unlimited possibilities for meditation and expression. In his melodic inventiveness one discerns a tremendous force emanating in part from a Gregorian *melos* and a Monteverdian vocal color which combines the solemnity of the composer at the court of the Gonzagas with the Slavic intensity of expression.

THE LOURIÉAN depth of thought so profoundly expressive of *l'alma del popolo russo* is evident in his attraction for low voices and instruments which amounts to a definite characteristic in his music. His use of double-basses and altos in the cantatas, his songs for low voice with texts by Nietzsche, Joyce and Lermontov are constant reminders of his Slavic background with its Byzantine luster. One senses in him a deep spirituality that combines humility with asceticism that forbids verbal or musical extravagance. A conversation with him is bound to turn to the question of "purification." He speaks of the "purification" of an idea as though ideas had to be thrown into a crucible of fire and cleansed before use. He insists on the "purification" of a melody which results in a tight inexorable compositional logic that inveighs against any question of musical redundancies. For Lourié, the word "purification" seems to possess an ecclesiastical aura and conjures up the symbol of transfiguration. Experimenters in electronic devices purporting to give us a new mu-

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sical mechanism, quake at his dictum of 1941 when he wrote that "wherever there has appeared a break with Christianity, there has immediately and infallibly occurred a breakdown in music." Repeatedly he has been a lone voice in the struggle for clarity of thought and integrity of toil with purpose. As early as 1928 he foresaw that "the stimulus of the emotional is being obviously replaced by the stimulus of the intellect." His prophetic insight into the march of contemporary music is further clarified in his own words: "Among the conditions necessary for the development of a musical style, spiritual experience is always included, and not the material acquisition of the epoch."

Although a composer conversant with all the various styles of the present, Lourié has a clear concept of the importance of melody. "Any melody has the property of revealing some intimate truth and of discovering the original reality both psychological and spiritual of the one who creates the melody. Melody discloses the nature of the subject and not that of the object. The quality of the melody depends on categories of moral-esthetic unity . . . melody is inaccessible to the logic of our consciousness (contrary to harmony and rhythm); in the face of it, our reason remains powerless, for melody is essentially irrational. There can be an angelic melody, but not an angelic rhythm, because in eternity there is no longer time, but there is and there will ever be praise." No clearer statement can be made by a composer whose logic and mental rigor brings him to the core of musical truth.

Lourié considers his opera-ballet *The Feast During the Plague* (1935) and *The Blackamoor of Peter the Great* (1961) as his two most important works to date. Both of them are based on Pushkin. The *Feast* is set as a symphonic suite with chorus and soprano soloist based on love and death during the fourteenth century Black Plague in Florence. The score is pandiatonic in idiom, utilizing the free use of all seven tones of the diatonic scale in melodic, contrapuntal and harmonic combinations. The plot of the *Blackamoor*, with a libretto by Irina Graham, is built around an episode taken from the life of an African, Ibrahim Hannibal, who was Pushkin's great-grandfather. The librettist explains that by a strange whim of circumstance, the young African fulfills his destiny against a background of pageantry and Russia's Byzantine splendor. It climaxes two formidable issues of the day—Africa and Russia—and reveals a message that a work of art is able to profess human rights without prejudice to its esthetic conception. The style of the *Blackamoor*, according to the composer, may be classed as "Russian Baroque," a style which Lourié admits did not exist in Russian music. It also possesses some Byzantine overtones. Above all it restores the classical form of grand opera style on the basis of a Commedia dell' Arte. There are two dominant elements as defined by the composer: the mythical fairy-tale element of Eros and his intrigues, the Bronze Horseman theme, symbolic of Peter the Great, plus the epic and historic elements relating to the creation of St. Petersburg, the new capital of Russia—"that Russia half European, half barbaric, waking up from her Asiatic slumber and immobility."

A second symphony subtitled *Kormtchaia* (1939) has been described by Goldbeck as "seeming impersonal as an old liturgical chant." *Kormtchaia* is a Russian word for steerswoman, as applied to the guiding spirit of the Virgin Mary. It has been referred to as a "religious" symphony and is constructed on what has been described as the principle of intervallic symbolism. Actually it is a closely-knit series of variations set in ten sections. Its unusual instrumentation calls for four flutes, two piccolos and other wind instruments in groups of three, plus six horns and four trumpets and a percussion section that requires a tam-tam, celesta and xylophone. It was premiered by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky in 1941.

The *Sonate Liturgique en Forme de Quatre Chorles* (1928) was first performed in Paris in 1930. It was written for chamber orchestra with piano and a chorus of altos and is suggestive of quasi-Byzantine chant. It bears a dedication to the memory of Leon Bloy. The *Sinfonia Dialectica* (1930) premiered by Leopold Stokowski in Philadelphia contains an epigraph by Pascal on its title page. The work is explained as a dialectical discourse by the various orchestral voices which "serve merely to erect the structure," according to the composer. "As to the substance of a work of art, it cannot be analyzed; its source dwells in the depth of the artist's soul. The basic meaning of musical dialectics is perhaps, that it is the talk of the soul with itself." The symphony is in one continuous movement with great plasticity of metre indicated by constant change in the bar signature.

A composition whose text is derived from Quaestio 108 from the *Summa Theologica* of Thomas Aquinas serves to change the theological definition of the nature of the angels via tonal sonorities, and its seven choruses are symbolic of the seven degrees of the celestial hierarchy. This score, *De Ordinatione Angelorum* (1942), is set for mixed chorus, incidental solos and five brass instruments. The *Alleluia* occurring in the middle of this work has a definite Russian flavor reminiscent of Moussorgsky. Although stylistically a mixture of the archaic and modern, the integration of the instrumental and choral sonorities is so complete that a new tonal color results. Nor is the style as eclectic as it seems on the surface. The total aural effect is a comprehensible modernism which is distilled from the materials of the past and yet is completely contemporary in feeling.

A partial list of other works by Lourié includes a *Concerto Spirituale* (1929) for piano, chorus and double-basses; *Tu es Petrus* (1935), written for the choir of the Cathedral of Notre Dame and first performed in the Pontifical Pavilion at the World's Fair in 1938; a *Lament* for women's voices and string orchestra with a text from Dante's *Vita Nuova; Anathema* (1951), a motet for men's chorus and eight wind instruments intending to portray the modern conflict between spirit and matter. This work was dedicated to Pius XII and pre-

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sented to him in 1952. The artist values a papal letter of acceptance signed by the then Cardinal Montini.

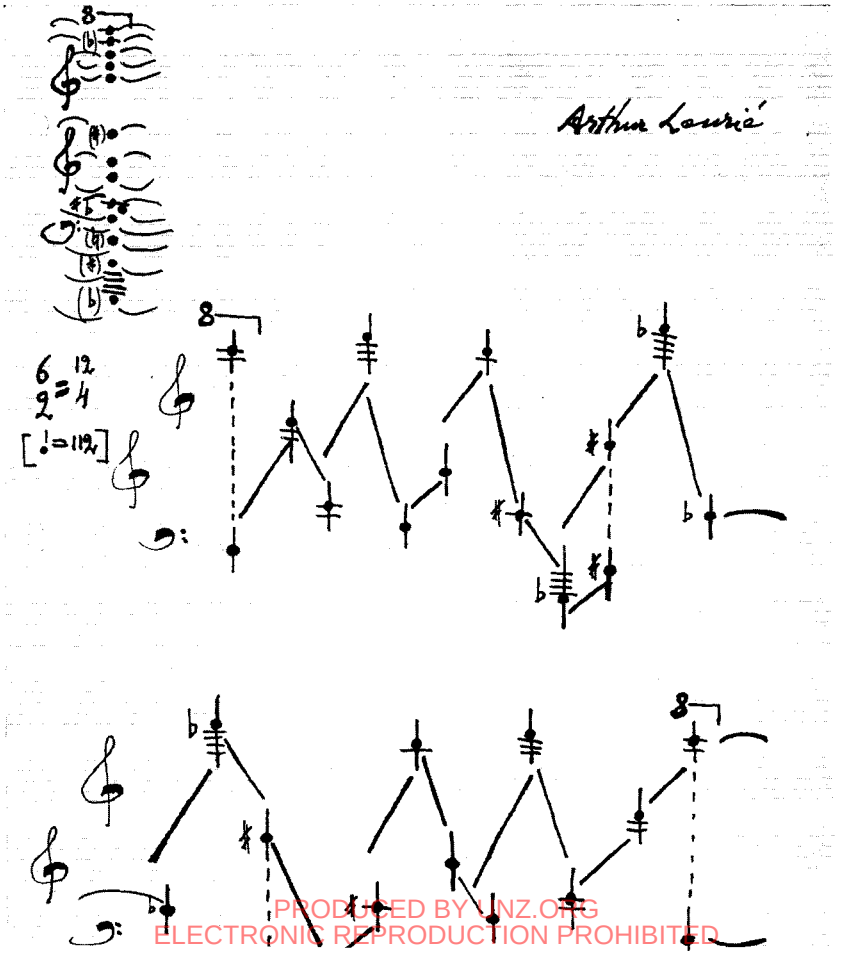
Several compositions for solo instrument include *The Flute of Pan* (1957) and *The Mime* (1956) for solo clarinet, both published in the last five years. A *Concerto de Camera* for violin solo and string orchestra published in 1957 has six sections outlining a suite in the old style whose epilogue is marked *tempo di elegia*. His two latest works include *Funeral Games in Honor of Chronos* for three flutes, piano and cymbal, and *Sibylla Dicit*, a cantata for women's voices and instruments. Presently Lourié is occupied with a new two-act opera in twenty-six short scenes based on a Latin classic with an Italian text. Paul Le Flem in Grove's *Dictionary of Music* writes that "Lourié's more recent works show a deepening maturity and a more personal philosophy as well as a great strengthening of technique."

Charles Munch, Leopold Stokowski and Ernest Ansermet (together with the late Sergei Koussevitzky, for whom he wrote a biography in 1931) have been enthusiastic supporters of Lourié and his music. His personal rationale and esthetics are clearly limned in many articles he has contributed to musical journals in this country and abroad.

As a modernist with an intuitive feel for the arsic and thetic aspects of language, Lourié's musical view brings him vis-à-vis the basic philosophy of Gregorian Chant. His sharp—almost clairvoyant—grasp of contemporary musical procedures and his disagreement with them, leaves him no alternative to working in reclusive solitude, a condition for which he finds ample spiritual resources within himself. For the art which seems to have arrived at the apex of development, his works constitute a catalyst bridging the old and the new without intruding upon or impugning his personal creative efforts. The modern matrimonials linking music and mathematics which are generating a new "esthetic" of futurism he considers to be a brutal assault upon the spirit of man.

Lourié's great concern is the cleavage between the ever-widening gap between composers and the public. He looks forward to a renaissance of the true spirit of melody as the only salvation of contemporary musical direction. Any work produced at the expense of content seems to him to be "the principle cause for the loss of the spirit of music and the wreck of humanistic culture." Over all his endeavors, hovers the protective mantle of moral-suasive powers which discipline his person and his music.

"I do not know," writes Maritain, "whether our time is disposed to receive what Lourié brings to it. I know well that he brings it a delivered music." Acceptance of this "delivered" music can result in an awakening of the dormant intuitive consciousness, so gratuitously set aside in a mechanistic society, for a fuller realization of human values through the music of Lourié's concept of purification.



A Lourié worksheet from The Blackamoor of Peter the Great

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THE DE-HUMANIZATION OF MUSIC

Arthur Lourié

It has been said that musical harmony and the harmony of the universe are similar; that both submit to the same law; and that both are linked to man. In our time, however, the musical cosmos has suffered a severe interior rupture: foundations on which music rested for centuries have been shattered. The tie with the past is nowadays disclaimed as is the principle of succession in musical heritage. No longer guided by creative experience and free inspiration, music has fallen into a state of anarchy. Consequently various whims, fads and abortive theories follow one another according to the trend of the moment. Musical hearing, however, remains intact in this orgy of chaos. Endowed with extreme sharpness and precision, musical hearing acts unfailingly in the trained musician, but insensitive in those with untrained ears. Protagoras would have said that not the man but the hearing has become the measure of things; man no longer exists in music.

No conscience that is alive, no feeling that is alive would ever be born if creative *becoming* in Spirit did not exist. Present-day reality finds itself in a state of disintegration; it feeds upon its own decay, while a routine procedure, a *modus operandi*, acts as its sole effective factor. Music in its modern aspect has come to be merely technique. Nothing else applies to it. Nothing else concerns it. But if the technique is non-substantial, if it lacks musical material and reality—it is then nothing but an illusion. It projects itself neither on man nor on the world man lives in. It operates in a total void. All this signifies the end of the epoch and the end of art which is connected with it. No one can predict when the night which now engulfs the world will come to an end; but in spite of all the disgraceful practices which take place, hope remains for man to regain the vision of beauty that was abandoned by him some time ago.

At the time when musical architectonic served as a mirror of the celestial architectonics, the play of music and the play of cosmic forces found their expression in Bach. His music, however, remains quite indifferent to man, and to modern man in particular. The music of Bach bound itself to the celestial spheres and imitated their structure.

Possessing architectonics no less perfect than those of Bach, Mozart's music has always been much closer to man. The difference between these two masters lies in the fact that the musical dialectics of Bach was based upon Protestant choral and meditation upon it, whereas Mozart's music had an unbreakable bond with Latin Liturgical life (Communion of the Saints). The spiritual link between Bach and Mozart consists in the fullness and integrity of their faith.

Today we live under the sign of Heracleitos, not under the sign of Johann Sebastian Bach. Everything in the world of space and time has melted, and is now continually flowing; change never ceases to operate for a moment, and nothing is the same for two instants together. Consequently, art in all its fields has reflected this process of continuous *becoming* and of uninterrupted repudiation of stability. Such condition might easily be defined as a condition of permanent spiritual revolution, but to be recognized as such it should then

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be charged with creative dynamics. The latter, however, is completely lacking in modern art.

Not only contemporary esthetics have suffered a spiritual bankruptcy, but the whole world we live in has lapsed into unprecedented cynicism; repugnance of man toward man seems to be general; indifference, disregard to one's fellow-beings is practiced by word and deed. A human voice is no longer heard amid the roar of machinery; what kind of music could one hear through that truly hellish noise that deafens us day and night? And yet this blare has its apologists who claim to prefer the bedlam of hell to celestial harmony, finding it "more modern." The *melos* of music that is alive is substituted by percussion instruments which celebrate their infamous victory over conscience and feeling. Having been deprived of Grace, music has been turned into the beat of the drum and into bestial howling.

How could music be given back to man? How could it be restored to Spirit? Would it be possible to make it stop serving the vulgar multitudes and return it into the Monastery of Spirit? Would it be possible for a man to regain his ability of forgetting his self in order that a place for God be made in his soul? Is there anyone who could give answer to all the terrifying questions which are tearing the world apart? *Terror anticus* has taken hold of a man's soul; could music operate as counteraction against *terror anticus* that has petrified man's conscience and feelings? On what ground could music originate if its *becoming* is constantly opposed by present-day reality?

Professional musicians do not provide us with any answers to all these burning questions; they are busily "giving concerts" and they would perform them at any place, any time, in Hell even. Professional musicians do not bother themselves with eschatological problems; as Heine has it, they are not unlike the ox and the ass of the Gospel who quietly ruminated the cud at the time when the Saviour of the World was born.

The most characteristic phenomenon of our time is the fact that art manifests itself only in the aspect of EVIL and UGLINESS. Diabolic ugliness is the only esthetic reality of our epoch. The mask of Satan indecently leers at us from canvases and book-jackets, from magazine advertisements and from newspapers' pages. Even the children's drawings, which are so fashionable nowadays, seem to possess a truly demoniac character—irregular, disjointed and chaotic.

Is demoniac art really a line of least resistance? Baudelaire said, "*le mal se fait sans effort, naturellement, le bien est toujours produit d'un art.*" In any event, an infinite state of ugliness has engulfed everything in the world—be it the plastic arts, poetry or architecture. By tradition, musical art had always been closely bound up with a man's conception of Paradise. In our epoch, demoniac feelings and demoniac plurality ("Our name is legion") so typical of Satan also typify music.

Both the ancients and the Christians have attached a mystical sense to the conception of time; it has been destroyed in our era. Time is being considered only as a matter of dimensions.

Music lost its contact with God when it ceased to be a song of praise coming from the abundance of the the heart. Instead, it shut itself up in the shell of formalism and made-up rules of the so-called "pure" music. From what is it pure, one would like to ask? In a true sense of the word, it is not really "pure," but only "swept clean" of any human feelings or emotions, and therefore made completely vacuous.

In spite of the de-humanization of music, no formalistic calculations, no pretentious affectations, no tricks of professionalism will ever be able to substitute for a spirit that is alive; a process of solving the sound-problems does not convince anyone of anything; the reversibility of elements does not apply in the slightest way to music except in cases of *spiritual transfiguration*, when music becomes saturated with spiritual energy and emanates Light, Beauty and Love. No musical formula could ever convert a symphony into atomic power irrespective of all theories and practies of formalism.

FOR REASONS UNKNOWN it is no longer permissible to think of music in the categories of sentiment; no one has the faintest idea by whom such an order has been given, either. At the same time it is considered to be quite natural that a parallel may be drawn between music and nuclear physics or that an opinion may be held that music and the splitting of the atom are of the same nature. Without stretching the point too much, it must be said that music in our days is being more and more identified with science in preference to faith, psychology or feeling.

Irrespective of the achievements of progress, the world has lapsed into its primitive condition when objects and creatures are nameless; present time, however, lacks the innocence, freshness and purity of biblical days. Names given by Adam to all that was created are dispensed with; even the name of God is hardly mentioned any longer; a slightest reference to God makes people feel embarrassed by having contact with something out-of-date and rather absurd. Never has Original Sin been given more license than in our era of scientific progress and the delights of "*la dolce vita*," and it is all the more evident that there are still two plans of existence which run parallel to one another: one is the divine plan—creative, orderly and harmonious; the other one is the demoniac plan—negative, destructive, chaotic and devastated. There is a sphere of existence filled with light—all song and play; there also is the other sphere: plunged into a dark chaos of non-existence, it is screams with demoniac jeering and snickering. Not without reason did the Fathers of the Eastern Church define Hell as "all-risible."

To be given to music is a horrific lifelong trial. It

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begins the day an artist's musical conscience is born; henceforth he has no longer any choice: he has been seized and is being possessed by the Spirit of Music.

There cannot ever be negative music; its spiritual pathos is manifested in the fact that music is invariably an affirmation. Always it asserts Life and Truth. Just as Liturgical Sacrifice is the only reality of life without which nothing can exist, so genuine art on its highest plan is but a repetition of one Eternal Liturgy. Music is totally free from chaos; in fact, music is the defense against it.

The battle for humanism is also the battle for music. It is born in the "chasm that separates the supra-sensible from the sensible." Art, in its highest order, is born in a state of *Orphic catharsis* from which *ekstasis*, enthusiasm and deep spiritual hope take their origin. Music is the very expression of catharsis,—of purified life,—and it guards its mystery jealously. What mystery is this? Only that music is nothing less than a dialogue with God. "Le mystère et la melancolie s'exhalent de la musique eternellement." It is a dialogue of both questions and laments. To questions which man is eternally asking, no answer was ever given; he did receive comfort in his weeping, though, and answers were given him at the time of his grief. Music lets us know of the mysterious dialogue that it carries with God; the Orphics—the Pythagoreans—Plato and his school, were all linked to the conception only of noumenal music.

Orpheus was not a "virtuoso cithara player;" he gave the world the first musical *sound*. Aeschylus referred to him as the man who charmed all nature with his song; to Pindar he was "father of lays, sweet musician." The sound born of Orpheus was the conjuration of chaos, of nonexistence and emptiness; harmony was born in a world where creatures were devouring one another. Yet at the first sound of music all that was alive fell under its charm: over the head of Orpheus birds without number were flying; fishes leaped out of the deep blue waters won by his song; even the stones were moved by his spell. This is how Simonides has it in his fragments.

Keeping the spirit of youth and beauty eternal, music is precisely that childlike play which sings the Eternal Wisdom: *Dominus possedit me in initio viarum suarum.*

A feeling of immortality is given to the artist during his lifetime. His work belongs to eternity. Religious verses inscribed on thin plates of gold which have been found in graves of southern Italy and Crete, a fragment of Euripides, plastic visions which artists have impressed on Attic vases,—all this is immortal and belongs to eternity. In the aspect of eternity creative work is the consecration of Time; such creative work is both redemption and sacrifice. The artist's lifetime is redeemed and sacrificed to creative work. For that reason Time is sacred.

There is no need to "understand" a flower in its bloom or a bird in its flight; to look at them is sufficient. Music does not need to "be understood," either; it needs to be listened to by heart and soul. An active spiritual process is born of musical conscience. This is a gift of the heart, not of the reason; musical conscience is always born of love,—be it Agape or Eros. Music cannot exist outside of love; it cannot be bred in indifference. A heart is redeemed by faith alone; all that had been divinely beautiful in music was created on the basis of faith. There can be no music outside of humanism; music that does not create a spiritual dimension and a bond betwen human beings does not mean a thing. Such music would be "a tinkling cymbal."

The holy action of Pope John XXIII had not been an action of theology, philosophy, science or politics; it was an Orphic hymn of one of the greatest and saintliest among the Popes. At the end of his Pontificate he had enflamed the hearts of men with burning love—irrespective of their nationality, creed and belief. His whole life and his saintly passing bore proof that the Spirit of Music is still present in the world and that it can burn with a divine fire.

"The Father said only one word, which was his Son, and he says it always in Eternal Silence, and it is in silence that the soul can hear it," wrote St. John of the Cross. An hierarchy of music which has to be divined and disclosed by the artist is forever present in that sacred silence, in its divination and disclosure lies the highest purpose of a musician. This is the supreme bond between the musician and God.

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The Hills of the Bronx

Lynne Kaufman

We lay upon my bed, Sheila and I, reading Van der Velde on coital postures. "Why aren't there any diagrams?" I asked as we puzzled over one particular arrangement involving a chair and a divan, trying in vain to sort out the partners and their respective members. "I don't know," she said, flinging the book, spine down upon the floor. "*Love Without Fear* is a lot schmaltzier."

"So's Ovid," I declared, "and besides, it's art."

"Speaking about art," she said, "I have to go down to the museum and copy some Mondrians . . . it's my term project. Want to come?"

"Which museum?"

"Modern Art."

"Okay, we can have lunch in the court-yard and shop-lift at Saks."

She gnawed a reddened cuticle, "Great, that takes care of tomorrow, but what about tonight? It isn't even eight."

It was the tail end of Easter vacation, and time was offensive, like a $5 gift certificate at Tiffany's.

"What's playing?" she asked.

I reached for *The Post* and surveyed the neighborhood offerings. Christ was being hanged on every wide screen in the Bronx, appropriate holiday fare. "Goonish," I sighed, "absolutely zilch."

"Well, we've got to do something," she whined.

No doubt, there was a string quartet vibrating somewhere, an opera being sung, a dancer leaping upon a stage, a poet rustling the leaves of his verse. But not for us, for we lacked a ticket, a car, and, mostly, the will. Spontaneity is not indigenous to New York. I yawned.

"God," she moaned, "we can't sit here all night. Let's go for a walk."

I was going to ask where and then decided it really didn't matter. We tugged at the bedroom door; it was stuck. In our seekings for privacy, we had slammed it too vigorously. It pried open with the sound of a plunger. Lifting the phone from the bed, I returned it to its more usual perch on the hall table; it had not rung.

"We're going out, Ma," I called into the recesses of the darkened living room. There was a charged silence as my mother strove to estimate the price of a fiberglass boat illuminated upon the screen. "1095," she cried. "Within $10 of the actual retail price," the announcer beamed at one of her prototypes. My mother nodded in satisfaction and turned her attention elsewhere.

"In slacks you're going?"

"We're not going far."

"Sheila's wearing a skirt."

I shrugged. It was occasioned by girth and not decorum.

"On Passover, in pants," she persisted, "that's what I send you to college for?"

"That's right, Mother," I murmured, "I'm majoring in license."

She hadn't heard, instead she appealed to my father for support, "Look, Sam, how she goes on a holiday."

He looked up from his newspaper, then down to his own pajama-clad legs and bare feet and decided to forego his censure.

She turned, annoyed at his silence but swiftly readjusted her aim, "Sure! How can you talk? Sitting around in your . . ."

I slammed the door before the main theme was sounded. We walked down the four flights of stairs avoiding the brassy fetid smells of the clanging elevator. I hated that cage with its muddied checkered floor, its grey walls scabbed with obscenities scratched upon its sides by the house keys of neglected children.

Out in the street, we walked past the vacant lot, sodden with weeds and rust, the sister tenements, overflowing their foundations, past the steep steps that led down to Jerome Avenue. We stood at the top; there was a breeze, and looked down. All you could see was the bottom and the brick back of a building. It was not commonly known that the Bronx, like Athens and Rome, is a city of hills. But there is nothing to be gained from scaling them.

Next to the stairs is a stone stoop that guards the entrance way to a doctor's office. Upon it, cluster the local adolescents, forming hot, little, milling groups . . . their clothes and nerves taut with burgeoning hormones. They form odd combinations, threes and fours, of shifting loyalties and sexes, merging, then fanning out, like the circle games of early childhood. But we had outgrown this stage and had entered reluctantly into the world of twos. In a world where unless one's hand was being held, one's ear whispered into, one's fort besieged, one felt embarrassment and often great pain. The need to be liked was dominant, and yet, there were so few people whom one could like.

For in time with this need, we had also entered our second year of college, and the short subway ride had given us a new view . . . into a world of broad a's, and candle-lit restaurants, and male hair-dressers. But unlike the stairs, here, was a view without perspective. We looked at our surroundings, were overwhelmingly discontent, and longed for the mysteries of Europe.

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And then there was the freedom . . . one didn't have to be one's mother . . . and the fear . . . that one already was.

WALKING IN THIS FEAR, kicking it up into my face, I was totally surprised by a sudden "Hi" and an immediate confrontation with six foot-one of local pride. In confusion, one hand flew to my hair, the other to my belt wrapping it more tightly about my waist. Unprepared and witless, I merely nodded.

"Good Passover," he smiled.

"Thanks, same to you." My composure was returning. "Larry, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine. Sheila Mandelbaum, Larry Garden."

My introductory efforts were rewarded with a glare. "We've met," Sheila said, "remember, we all went to high school together."

"Of course. How foolish of me." Then, turning to Sheila, "Larry's on the basketball team, you know."

"I know," she said flatly.

"Well, tell me, Larry, what brings a scholar such as yourself out on such a crucial night?"

"Huh?" he said.

Flustered at not being understood, I stammered, "Midterms, don't you have them?"

"Oh, sure. Thought a walk might clear the brain. Where are you girls heading?"

"No place in particular," Sheila answered, arching her back. The effect, I noticed, was not lost upon Larry.

"Yes," I added, "just walking around the block . . . into the night miasma."

He spread his palm in an amorphous invitation, "If you're not doing anything special . . ."

"Well," I said turning to Sheila. In the interchanged glance our positions were clearly and inexorably stated. I sighed, "No, I guess we'll just be meandering . . ."

"Sure," he said, "see you . . . Oh, say, how is your friend Rosalie? Haven't seen her in ages."

"Haven't you heard," Sheila provided, "she's married."

"No kidding!"

"Happens to the best of us," I said brightly.

He looked doubtful, "I guess so."

"Well," I said, " 'chow, Larry. See you anon."

"Yeah," he said, "sure. If you see her, give her my regards."

I waited until we had put half a block between us, then, "For God's sake, Sheila, can't you tell when you're not wanted?"

"Me? What makes you think you've got first rights?"

"It just so happens," I said haughtily, "that he's asked me out."

"When did you ever go out with him?"

"I didn't say I went out with him. I said he asked me."

"When?"

"Last September. He asked me to go for a ride." I paused, "Of course, I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, it just so happened to be Yom Kippur."

"Oh, come off it."

"No, really! When else do we ever see him?"

"You don't expect me to believe that."

"Why not? We all don't have to be as irreligious as you."

"Oh, what's the difference," she said. "The only one he was interested in was Rosalie."

"What do you mean by that?" I cried.

"He kept asking for her."

"What do you mean 'kept.' He mentioned her once."

"Twice."

"So what?"

"Oh, nothing," Sheila replied, "except I was kind of wondering about her myself."

We had not far to go; Rosalie lived half-way down the hill, one house farther than she had always lived. But now, she had exchanged her father for a husband and had acquired a child. The last time we had seen her was in the hospital when she had wept and told us that she had commanded the nurses to take the baby away, for it was spotted and creased. But then she had led us down the corridor to show us the infant, mewling behind the glass, and she had trod heavily, her body still sagging from its recent burden. We had not seen her since because her husband disapproved of us, and it was no secret that we despised him.

Rosalie had been the only one of us who had grown without trauma, with smooth skin, fresh coloring, standard breasts, and decorous height. Her one flaw, beautifully apparent and operable, was the nose . . . a fleshy, oversized figure six. When she drank her morning juice, she claimed it got stuck in her glass. So at the age of thirteen, she started the new year with blackened eyes and an Aryan nose. It never quite assimilated with the rest of her face and gave her a curious look of constant expectancy. She had a flair for the dramatic, although we all expected to blossom into stars, Rosalie was the only one who dared give it voice.

She was courted by many, from pubescence on, and even by the local aberrant, Lenny Tepperman. He was unusual, having spent a time in the juvenile courts. There were hoodlums galore, but he was a practicing Jew and made fervored appearances on the High Holidays. He also had what we then called "Bedroom Eyes." Once, when enraged at Rosalie's infidelities, he had thrust her into an open garbage pail, or so Rosalie had related from her sick bed. She displayed a multicolored shoulder, and we sighed mightily, never expecting to arouse such a welter of emotions.

At seventeen, she met Jerry, a seller of costume jewelry, who was overwhelmed by her. She used to repeat his bedazzled huzzahs as each new wonder was revealed unto him. At every date, he would bring an offering, usually jewelry. We often reaped the duplicates. He took her to our senior prom; Sheila and I went to Radio City Music Hall with our parents. They were still dating when we three entered college.

And it was this time last year, as we lay upon the tarred roof of Sheila's apartment house, seeking the

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remedies of the sun, that she told us, in rapid order, that she was pregnant and married. The marriage had been performed at City Hall and the child conceived within the hour. I stared at the rounded bulge beneath her belt and was profoundly impressed. My experience with men had up until then been confined to open-mouthed kissing and that only recently. I attribute my unusual state of virtue to my unrelieved flat-chestedness. I was unconscionably aware of this lack and fought against overtures to reveal it, and since most men are traditionalists, having one route of attack, I remained unassailed. On the subject of Sheila's purity, I cannot say. She was far more generously endowed, but it was an over-all abundance, and in our skeletonous times, frowned upon. And furthermore, there were deceptions between us. It was not until some years later that I discovered she had been seeing a psychiatrist. I was furious; it was like having a diary ghost written.

We stood at Rosalie's door somewhat hesitantly. "Don't you think we ought to call first?" I asked. "Oh, no," Sheila assured, "it'll be much better this way, more natural." As natural as a vivisection I thought as we rang the bell.

JERRY ANSWERED THE DOOR, barefoot, in a stretched T shirt and creased denim trousers, his face sallow and bearded in the faint hall light. He summoned cordiality, "Well, hi, girls, long time no see. Come in; come in." We entered and followed his retreating back down the narrow foyer, dodging the huge English pram, the jump seat, the slatted play pen. "Rosalie," he announced from the doorway of the living room, "your girl-friends are here."

Rosalie, who had been sprawled upon the sofa, went suddenly rigid, as if spotlighted and jumped up, opening her arms in welcome. Like a beetle unearthed, she scurried about lifting the leaves of yesterday's newspapers, a foam-encrusted nursing bottle, a sweater, a plastic doll, a shriveled apple core . . . clutching them in a bundle to her chest.

"Sit down; sit down," she begged. "Gerald, go get the girls a drink." Jerry retired to the bamboo drum he had built in one corner of the living room. They had decorated it with travel posters and bottle labels, their one attempt at identity in a room of donations. "What'll you have, girls?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said, "anything you've got."

"No, really, just name it."

"Well then . . . a Marguerita."

"What's that?"

"Tequila," I said.

"Tequila, that's Mexican stuff, huh?"

He flung open the bamboo doors revealing the array of bottles, at variance with the parental schnapps and Manischevitz of our childhood, and extracted the tequila.

"Fine," I said, "now all you need is some lime."

He paused then barked, "Rosalie, go buy some lime."

"Oh, don't be silly," I protested.

"Naw, go ahead."

"No, I won't hear of it. Really, anything will do." In dejected silence, he prepared a rye and ginger ale.

"Well, it's good to see you," Rosalie crowed. "I was just talking about you, wasn't I, Jerry? I was just saying I haven't seen the girls in ages. They must be married or something."

"Nothing like that," I said. "We've just been busy. It's right around mid-terms; you remember the madness."

"Yeah," Jerry chuckled, "real tough. You girls have a hard life."

Rosalie came to our defense: "Now, Gerald, College isn't easy. You remember how I used to be in the library every night."

"Sure," he grunted, setting the wet glasses in their terry cloth holders . . . miniature athletic supports. He crossed the room to continue the flow of drinks. "So, what else is new?" he called.

"What?" I said.

"What's new?" he repeated more loudly.

I turned to Rosalie, the soul of solicitude, and gestured towards the T.V. set, "I'm sorry, but I can't hear a thing he's saying."

She smiled, the corners of her mouth quivering, "Why, that's funny. I didn't even know it was on." She rose and ground the dial shut. "We hardly ever watch it."

Her husband snorted.

"Well," she amended, "Gerald does enjoy a sporting event and occasionally a play. We're both fond of the theatre."

"Oh," Sheila inquired, "what have you seen on Broadway this season?"

"Nothing," Jerry said.

"It's all my fault, of course," Rosalie explained. "I mean I get so involved with the baby and all, I never remember to send away for the tickets. Gerald's been after me for months, but you know what a scatterbrain I am."

"Of course we do," Sheila said. "Why, you never even handed in your freshman themes on time. Poor Doctor Walters, he'd turn apoplectic, banging his fat little hands on his desk." She mimicked his tremolo, "Goodness me, what again? My dear Miss Drizzle . . ."

We all giggled at that. Rosalie's name had been Dreisel, pronounced Dree-zell, preferably with a French boulevard nasality. It was her treasure and yet her due, an essential to balance her first name. "I mean," she said deferentially, "your names are fine, for you. But how would it sound, Rosalie Mandelbaum, Rosalie Goldberg?" Jerry's name was Tuggerman.

"My God." Rosalie gasped, "Walters, what a ham he was! Remember him doing that bit about a girl waiting for a telephone to ring. I almost died laughing. Who wrote that?"

"Dorothy Parker," I provided.

"Yeah, that's right. God that was funny, Jerry, you

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really ought to read it. All about a girl worrying about a date. I mean, it really was a sketch."

He nodded.

"Gerald reads a lot. He even had to get glasses. He doesn't have to use them all the time, just when he reads."

"Oh," Sheila asked animatedly, "what have you read lately?"

"Not much," he muttered.

"Why, Gerald," Rosalie coaxed, "now that isn't true . . . you just finished that war book . . . you know, the one they made from that movie we saw."

"I don't remember," he said.

"But we just saw it last week on Fordham Road. Oh, you know, Robert Mitchum played the colonel."

"Can I get you another drink?" Jerry urged.

I had not yet sipped down to ice cube level.

"No, thanks."

"Something wrong with it?"

"No, nothing, it's just . . ."

"Maybe you're hungry," Rosalie suggested. "I don't know what's wrong with me. Would you like some fruit, Barton's chocolate, kosher for the holidays, pistachio nuts?"

"No, please," Sheila protested.

"What's the matter?" Rosalie asked. "You still on a diet?"

Sheila stiffened, involuntarily tightening her stomach muscles, "No, of course not."

"You and those crazy diets," Rosalie chuckled. "Like that banana one; that's all you ate for weeks. Remember your grandmother." She imitated the old woman's Yiddish, " 'Ess nicht so viel, du kiecht vie ein monkey.' Honestly, your grandmother was a riot. I'll never forget what she said at your sweet sixteen party. Honestly, Jerry, you'll never believe it. She said, 'Don't be so particular. Don't wait so long, Sheila. You'll have to marry a man with children.' "

Jerry laughed, and I joined him although our tones were separate.

"I mean, honestly," Rosalie continued, "some people think unless a girl is married, she might as well be dead." She ran her nails through her hair, pouffing it a bit. "By the way, how is your social life?"

"Thriving," I answered. "Oh, say, guess who we ran into . . . Larry Garden."

"Who?" Rosalie asked.

"Larry Garden, the basketball player."

She looked blank.

"Rosalie, don't you remember? He was class president."

"Oh, yeah, nice kid. Anything serious?"

"Serious?"

"Your social life."

"Oh, no. I mean, not exactly. Just interesting."

"Oh?" she prodded.

"There's no one in particular, of course, but I've been seeing a lot of Bob, he's an architect, and then there's an intern."

"And don't forget Lance," Sheila added.

"Oh, yes," I said casually.

"Who's he?"

"A writer," Sheila explained.

"Is he nice?" Rosalie queried.

"Very," Sheila assured.

SHEILA'S ASSESSMENT was, as were most of her pronouncements, based completely upon hearsay, upon my edited accounts of our dates: the repartée, the delicate verbal skirmishes, the quid-pro-quos recounted as though seen through a kaleidoscope, the events colored and patterned by the adroit juggling of the viewer. We had made it a policy never to double date. For if the date were attractive, the temptation to test one's feminine wiles became overwhelming, and if, alas, he were not, his flaws, when seen through a friend's eye, were magnified to the extreme. Once, Sheila had convinced me that a perfectly charming young accountant was a hydrocephalic. I had laughed, but once she had said it, his head practically glogged.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that," Rosalie sighed. "Why don't you bring them around some time . . . for coffee. Or we could go out. We see Jerry's crowd a lot."

I recalled the "crowd" at Rosalie's engagement party, grey-faced little clerks, their pants wrapper tight, their ties thin as painted string, their mouths chlorophylled. I had given one my phone number, but he had never called. Feeling depressed at my introspection, I turned back to the conversation plodding about me.

"You still majoring in art?" Rosalie inquired brightly.

"Oh, yes," Sheila replied, "still hacking away."

"No kidding," Jerry remarked, "we could use a picture right over the couch. About two feet by four feet with some red in it. You know, birds or flowers, something like that. You think you could do it?"

Sheila demurred, "I usually don't paint quite that way . . . by dimension."

"Don't worry," he rasped, "we'll pay for it. We don't ask something for nothing."

"It's not that," Sheila explained. "I have to work from an idea, not a color scheme."

"Well, maybe ya got the wrong idea," he shot. "How many ya sold?"

"I haven't sold any. I'm not interested in that."

He looked dubious.

She went on in a rush, "I'm still studying, still experimenting. In fact, I intend to go down to New Orleans this summer to their art colony."

This was the first I had heard of it, and as I was usually the receptacle if not the impetus of all of Sheila's major musings, I was surprised.

"I'm certain, however," she continued, "that you could find something to your liking in a print . . . perhaps, at one of the larger department stores."

"Yeah," he said, "thanks a lot."

"Say, look," Rosalie soothed, "how would you like to see the baby?"

We said we would love to and, tiptoeing, followed

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Rosalie into the bedroom. She flicked on the night light, a bare breasted Javanese maiden. It illuminated the mesh cage where the baby lay and a tiny white dressing table. The rest of the room was filled with or rather padded by the largest bed we had ever seen. It was the shape of a midnight sun, shrouded in black velvet, and studded with jet. It seemed infinitely deep, like an empty stage or a darkened lake.

The baby shifted, her limbs scrabbling cricket-like upon the sheet.

"Isn't she sweet?" I murmured.

Glowing, Rosalie bent to lift her child.

"Oh, don't," I protested. "Let her sleep."

"Nonsense, how many times does she get to see her aunts?" She placed the baby on her shoulder, its head bobbing in the light. There was a caked white spot ringing the baby's lips, and some of it had spilled onto the front of its gown. The room smelled of must and sourness like old wet papers. But then, the infant opened its eyes, mirror pale, and yawned, its mouth an opal shell. I touched its hair that edged like moss upon the coolness of its skull and was disquieted.

Closing the door softly, we re-entered the living room.

"She's darling," Sheila smiled. "Does she always sleep in there?"

"In where?"

"In the bedroom . . . with you?"

"Well, yes, we only have one."

"Of course."

"Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Not really. It was just an article I was reading."

"What article?"

"In a psychology journal," Sheila continued. "Freud seemed to think that it was bad for a child to share his parents' bedroom. There have been some studies showing severe disturbances from the child's viewing of parental sexual relations."

"But she's just a baby," Rosalie said, "she wouldn't understand."

"That's just the point," Sheila explained. "They misinterpret it as violence and feel threatened."

"What do you mean, 'threatened'?" Jerry barked.

"Emotional fears," I said.

"Baloney," he muttered.

Sheila ignored him. "Have you considered moving the crib out at night?"

"We can't," Rosalie said, "the door's too narrow."

"Well, then, you can always give her the bedroom. Get a fold-away for the living room."

"No, I don't think so," Rosalie said.

"Of course, it's none of my business," I said, "but I just remembered that article. In last month's journal, a monograph of a psychopath, tracing his entire problem back to just such an occasion. It took years to straighten him out, but, fortunately, they had plenty of time as he was already in prison."

Rosalie frowned worriedly, "Gerald, maybe they're right. Maybe we should give the baby our . . ."

The man turned towards his wife, his gaze intent and exclusive, "It's our bed, Rosalie."

"I know," she said feebly.

"And it's a great, big, soft bed," he said, "just perfect for screwing."

At this, he rose and approached the television set. He flicked it on gently, waited patiently for the pattern to mesh, then reached for the volume control, and turned it . . . louder and louder . . . until the room crashed with the sound. We held our breath, as if under water, and watched Rosalie. Her eyes reddened, as if she, too, were inundated, but she swiftly recovered and said softly, "You've heard my husband. I think you'd better go."

We reached for our coats as if for a tow line and climbed silently into the night air, shivering slightly under the stars. In the silence we sought for something to say, someone to blame, but finding only each other, walked swiftly away.

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THE READINESS TO RESORT to violence is mankind's greatest curse. As individuals, under certain provocations, human beings inflict unspeakable tortures on each other and even seem to enjoy it. At the group level, history is a series of wars between tribes, religious groups, nations and the like, punctuated by periods during which a victor enforces peace or the combatants pause to recover from their injuries. Up to now, despite a few protesting voices, mankind in general has become reconciled to this state of affairs or even welcomed it, for at least two reasons. Since there was not the remotest hope that violent combat could be abolished, protest seemed futile. At the same time, victory in war promised sufficient gains to make it attractive as a way of seeking solutions to conflict.

Now, suddenly, two new developments have changed the picture. The first is the invention of weapons so enormously destructive that they preclude victory by either side—the most likely effect of their use would be to destroy civilization, if not the human race. This will eventually force nations to rely on nonviolent forms of power to protect their security and promote their interests as the price of survival. The second new phenomenon is the emergence of nonviolent group methods of waging conflict, notably in India and the United States. These campaigns hold out at least a glimmer of hope that under certain circumstances nonviolent tactics may more effectively achieve certain ends than violent ones. Nonviolence has stepped down from the pulpit into the battlefield, creating the prospect that nonviolent methods of conflict resolution may eventually be developed that would serve as a partial substitute for war.

Wars are supported by, and have afforded expression for, noble as well as base emotions, and have enormously stimulated advances in medicine, science, technology and social organization. Furthermore, all nations today are based on a war system of international behavior, so war is interwoven with many aspects of modern society. Hence the elimination of war requires far-reaching changes in many aspects of life.

The human inclination toward violence, however, makes war appear inviting in prospect and probably helps prolong wars after they start; hence it is important to consider what is known about this impulse and what means of inhibiting it, counteracting it, or substituting for it might be developed.

Any analysis of human violence must begin with the recognition that men, like males of other species, fight to defend themselves, to eliminate sexual rivals, to protect their young and to protect their territory, which for humans usually means land and personal property. Perhaps underlying all these is a drive toward aggrandizement of oneself and the groups with which one identifies. Although the primary aim in human combat may be to make the opponent submit to one's will, threatening him with bodily harm is a very effective way of doing this, and killing him is even better.

In contrast to males of all other animals, men are not strongly inhibited from killing their own kind. Males of other species seldom kill each other even in a single combat, and only men murder each other wholesale. The main factor that inhibits males of nonhuman species from mutual murder is probably that most species have fighting rituals or displays which indicate to each other that they are members of the same group and which avert actual bloodshed. Men are free of this restraint because they kill at a distance enemies whom they never see, so that the inhibitory mechanisms which might, and perhaps do, operate sometimes in face-to-face combat do not come into play.

However, the main attribute that frees men from the inhibition against killing their own kind is the very one that makes us uniquely human—the capacity to think abstractly and to symbolize. In contrast to all other creatures, humans are motivated chiefly not by biological needs but by values. They attach such importance to abstractions like freedom, communism and

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God that they are ready to kill and die for them. In this lies man's greatest danger and his greatest hope.

The power to symbolize enables men to view the identical experience in an endless variety of ways, depending on the values they attach to it. The danger is that men can freely kill fellow humans by picturing the group they wish to kill as nonhuman, that is, as lacking a sense of right and wrong. The enemy is either supremely wicked or too low to have any morality. The enemy is typically viewed as utterly unscrupulous, deceitful and cruel. Christians could righteously kill the infidel; Moslems had a holy duty to exterminate "Christian dogs"; and Nazis, with clear consciences, could wipe out Jews, who were alleged to indulge in ritual murder of children. Today Americans are told that the Communists, because they are atheists, have no moral scruples, and they view us as Capitalist-Imperialist oppressors whose only god is money.

The other way of dehumanizing an opponent is to see him as too primitive to have any morality; thus Kipling characterized the Indians as "lesser breeds without the law," and today the Afrikaners refer to the Blacks as "things." They do not even count the Blacks in their census figures.

THE PROPENSITY TO VIOLENCE, though very deep-seated and easily aroused, is fortunately modifiable. For example, rats and other species can be trained through early life experiences to be killers or non-killers. An increasing body of experimental human studies shows that witnessing violence tends to predispose the child or the young adult to resort to violence in situations similar to the one pictured—that is, we learn violence by imitation. A particularly strong source of violent behavior may be the learned link between it and courage or masculinity—a major motive for threatening violence seems to be to show one's enemy and oneself that one cannot be intimidated by his threats. This may be an important psychological motive for the insensate accumulation of weaponry today.

Study of the nonviolent civil disobedience campaigns of recent years casts some light on the ways in which human violence may be controlled. It appears that, as with other species, violence in humans may be stimulated or inhibited by the behavior of its object. Displays of fear, anger, or counter-violence seem to stimulate the aggressor to further attack. On the other hand, an attitude of friendly courage, coupled with willingness to suffer without retaliation, if persisted in, may eventually inhibit the attacker. The posture of prayer seems to be particularly inhibitory. There are many anecdotes of British soldiers who were unable to keep on clubbing Indians, for example, and some white policemen in the South have had the same reaction. At a group level, it seems that sometimes if one group offers violence to another and the other refuses to respond in kind, the second group becomes more cohesive and the former group begins to weaken. In this connection, it may be recalled that the man who tried to assassinate the premier of South Africa a few years ago was a white man. At a more trivial level, during the nonviolent campaign to desegregate a motion picture theatre in Baltimore, the only psychological casualty was a white police captain who attacked a white reporter.

The fundamental thrust of the nonviolent fighter, however, is probably at the symbolic level. He refuses to let his opponent dehumanize him. By his candor, courage, sense of responsibility, personal dignity, and by demonstrating the highest moral principles, he continually reminds both himself and his adversary that he is not only human, but a better specimen of humanity than his opponent. The nonviolent fighter tries to win by turning the opponent's values against him—by morally embarrassing him.

Some of the effectiveness of the nonviolent campaigns of the Danes and Norwegians against the Nazis may have lain in the fact that, as Nordics, the Germans

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held them in high regard. Hence they could demoralize the Nazis by treating them with contempt. Leaders of the nonviolent campaigns in India subscribed to religious principles that the British respected. Trained in England, they knew how to disconcert the English by appealing to their sense of fair play. In the United States Negroes and whites have been brought up in the same culture and indoctrinated with the same dreams. The Negro's most effective appeal is to the "American dream" of equal opportunity for all.

Although nonviolent campaigns have succeeded under special circumstances, it is important to recognize their great limitations. One is that almost all their leaders so far have been motivated by a religious philosophy, supported by transcendental sanctions, that preaches the ultimate supremacy of love and the redemptive power of suffering. Obviously this philosophy is not accepted by most people. The question is, can other value systems be equally effective? The Danish and Norwegian nonviolent resistance campaigns were sustained by patriotism. All fighters, violent or nonviolent, subscribe to the phrase in our national anthem "Conquer we must for our cause it is just." Perhaps allegiance to any powerful ideal is sufficient to sustain the nonviolent combatant, as it does the violent one. Whether religious ideals are the only ones that can sustain nonviolent tactics remains to be seen.

A second limitation of nonviolent campaigns so far is that they have been adhered to only by groups that knew they could not hope to win by violence. The question arises as to whether a group could commit itself to nonviolent methods as long as it believes it might win by violent ones. The answer is, probably not. As long as a nation believes that it can defeat its opponent by destroying or threatening to destroy it, it will be strongly tempted to do this, since warfare has been hallowed by time and supported by conscience. It would be well nigh impossible to persuade a nation like the United States which glorifies its frontier heritage of violence and has won almost every war in which it fought to put its faith in nonviolent methods of combat today. However, soon all nations will be in a position analogous to that of the Indians and Negroes. It is true that they will possess the means of violence, but they will not dare to resort to them because the risk of total annihilation will be too great. Like groups which do not have weapons, they, too, will be forced to resort to other sources of power to promote their ends.

A third limitation of nonviolent methods of conflict resolution to date lies in the fact that they have been used only when the contestants are in continual face-to-face contact. This seems to exclude current forms of nonviolence as means of settling disputes between nations, since their populations have no direct contact. A remote possibility remains that the imaginative use of modern methods of mass communication might be able to mobilize some of the same psychological forces at a distance that are activated by face-to-face interaction. Castro, for example, through his appearance on television sets in every village, can make a personal impact on every Cuban.

A fourth reservation concerns the ability of nonviolent fighters to remain so under prolonged exposure to severe threats and humiliations. The harrowing experiences of members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, for example, represent provocations as extreme as those met in war. How much of this can a nonviolent fighter take before he breaks out into violence? Psychiatrists believe from clinical experience that emotions blocked from direct expression tend to manifest themselves obliquely. Repressed anger may appear as a headache or high blood pressure, or the person may turn it on himself and become depressed. Groups that have high suicide rates have low homicide rates and vice versa, as if anger that cannot be directed outward may turn inward. One cannot help wondering whether the terrible massacres that accompanied the partition of India might have represented in part an explosive release of the anger that the Hindus had suppressed for years in the service of satyagraha. The ability of nonviolent fighters to control their impulses depends in part on the strength of their leadership, ideology, and group standards. The use of nonviolent methods purely as tactics in the absence of strong group discipline and a powerful ideology would therefore appear to be risky, since the temptation to abandon them if they did not succeed promptly would be very great.

Finally, one cannot deny that to date all nonviolent campaigns have been waged in a context of violence. The threat of violence has always lurked in the wings. The British knew that too harsh suppression of Ghandi and his followers would stimulate violent revolutionary movements, and they were fighting for their national existence against the Germans and Japanese. The Danish and Norwegian movements might have failed if the Nazis had not been defeated in war. In the United States, the federal courts can mobilize overwhelming power in defense of Negro rights, as Mississippi learned, and Martin Luther King has wondered in print whether the Montgomery bus strike could have succeeded if the Supreme Court decision had not come through in the nick of time.

Moreover, leaders of nonviolent movements constantly remind their opponents that if their demands are not met, they may not be able to keep their followers in check. Sometimes they appear to advocate provoking violence in the adversary to mobilize public opinion against him and arouse his own sense of guilt.

In short, nonviolent campaigns always include an element of brinksmanship. It is hard to imagine that they could succeed without this component. To what extent this is a serious limitation or implies that violence really cannot be eliminated from conflict remains open.

These questions concerning the limitations of nonviolent campaigns to date must not blind one to their positive achievements. Perhaps the most significant is

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the simple demonstration that nonviolent tactics can succeed against an adversary who possesses superior means of violence and is prepared to use them. The mere demonstration that this is possible under certain circumstances opens new areas for thought and experimentation that up to now were foreclosed by the assumption that nonviolence was contrary to human nature.

These campaigns have shown that nonviolent techniques can be as varied as violent ones. In this respect nonviolent and military campaigns are similar. Both require not only inspired leadership and strong group discipline, but flexibility of tactics to meet different contingencies.

It is often held that nonviolent methods could not work against an enemy occupation or a ruthless dictatorship that had no regard for human life. What if, for example, the English had followed Hitler's advice to shoot Gandhi and, if this did not work, to shoot two hundred of his lieutenants and so on until the movement was broken? This probably would have succeeded against the type of campaign he waged, but could perhaps have been met by dispersal of leadership, clandestine communication methods and other "underground" tactics. These, of course, would have deprived Gandhi of one of his most effective weapons, the mobilization of public opinion through the media of mass communication, but it is conceivable that alternatives to this could also have been developed. Dictatorships, unless overthrown by an outside enemy or by assassination of the dictator, are only defeated by internal rot. While they are riding high, violent methods are as ineffective against them as nonviolent ones. Actually, the latter, with suitable modifications, might prove to be particularly effective against both dictatorships and enemy occupations. They avoid the kind of threat that keeps the dictator's or occupying power's forces cohesive and apply the types of pressure that are best calculated to weaken the oppressor's morale.

The second great achievement of nonviolent campaigns is that they have reversed the link between violence and masculine courage. This is a reminder that group standards influence human behavior much more strongly than individual motives, and this is also true of impulses to violence. The group code of an army makes normally peaceful men kill each other. The group code of the Nazi SS enabled, and in fact compelled, its members to perform atrocities such as burning children alive over open fires. The group standards of nonviolent campaigns have made refusal to be violent a sign of masculine courage and resort to violence a sign of cowardice. Studies of participants in nonviolent campaigns have shown that they gain a sense of self-worth through their behavior and have contempt for their violent opponents. If the group standard that equates masculinity with nonviolence becomes sufficiently widespread, the day may come when willingness to disarm and to rely on nonviolent forms of power to protect national interests becomes linked with courage instead of cowardice. This would remove perhaps the major psychological block to disarmament negotiations.

Although the goal of a world without war is a long way off and may not be achievable, this analysis suggests some immediate steps toward this end.

Today we are teaching our children violent behavior through an educational system that glorifies wars and military heroes, through the excessive amount of violence displayed in our mass communication media—newspapers, television and motion pictures—and through the wide sale of war toys. We can try to combat this trend by emphasizing in our education peaceful instead of warlike achievements and dramatizing heroes of peace as we have those of war. We can continue to campaign against violence in our mass media.

At the international level, we can work to strengthen the sense of world community and of common humanity, thereby combatting the dehumanization of one's opponent, which seems to be prerequisite to destroying him. In this we are aided by the shrinkage of the world in terms of transportation and communication, which is enormously increasing possibilities for promoting those kinds of communicaton between people that strengthen their sense of interdependence. These include cultural, technical and scientific exchanges and, above all, cooperative efforts to achieve goals that can only be reached by international cooperation, such as studies of the earth's surface, the oceans, the weather and the phenomena of space. Working together is the best way to create mutual respect and trust, to diminish mutual suspiciousness and to promote the sense of comradeship with one's fellow workers. The Peace Corps is a shining example.

Finally, where possible, we must encourage all those who are trying to solve social conflicts in nonviolent ways, at the same time that these programs are studied intensively to learn their strengths, limitations and ways in which they might be further developed.

In evaluating the potentialities of nonviolent techniques for conflict resolution, one must remember that no form of waging conflict always wins. The most one can ask of nonviolent techniques is that where they fail—and they certainly will fail sometimes—violent methods would have failed more completely and left a greater legacy of mutual hate. Perhaps the most encouraging feature about nonviolent campaigns is that they have succeeded where no one would have foreseen it. Who would have dared predict that a little man clad in a loincloth would drive the British out of India by nonviolent methods, or that Norwegian teachers could reduce the Nazis to impotence by simply not cooperating, or that Mrs. Parks' refusal to give up her bus seat to a white man could have such far-reaching effects?

With these unexpected successes in mind, it seems probable that, as nonviolence attracts more and more creative thinkers and leaders, bigger pleasant surprises may be in store for the future. One may even dare to hope that nonviolence will develop into a force strong enough to avert the suicide of mankind.

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BOOKS

An End to Bravery

FLOOD: A ROMANCE OF OUR TIME by Robert Penn Warren. New York: Random House. 440 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by JOHN HENRY RALEIGH *of the English Department of the University of California (Berkeley)*

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S *Flood* is an interesting parable, by a man of intelligence and good will, on the future of the South. The parable is quite explicit: Fiddlersburg, a town in Tennessee, is literally going to disappear into an artificial lake that will be created by a government dam. By the end of the novel the flood waters are rising, and beside this growing lake is a newly constructed highway which is being traversed by new cars with safety glass and glittering chrome. The citizens are going to be re-located in a brand new community, Lake Town. There are other signs of the times. A condemned Negro spits in a white preacher's face, and another Negro knocks down the protagonist, Brad Tolliver. There is no retaliation in either case. By the end of the book, Brad Tolliver, who had returned to Fiddlersburg after many years' absence in order to find his past, realizes—an important theme in Southern literature—that he can't go home again, gives up his search for the past, for "There is no country but the heart."

As a novel, *Flood* is a failure. I see no reason for taking a lot of time and space to say so. The fault lies largely with the major characters: Yasha Jones, the movie producer, who suggests Irving Thalberg; Lettice Poindexter, a rich girl from New York, and Tolliver's first and last love; Tolliver himself—seem to me prefabricated. There are exceptions, of course, but these are minor characters: Mr. Budd, the Deputy Warden of the prison is authentic, splendid: Brother Potts, the Protestant minister, is genuine too.

This is to suggest that, as his whole career attests, Warren is best at writing about simple Southern types; when he moves North or into the realm of conscious thought (the first fatal step was taken with Jack Burden in *All the King's Men* who, like all such types in Warren fiction since, must bear the "burden" of History and Thought) he fails. In this sense *Night Rider* and the Willie Stark parts of *All the King's Men* are still the best things he has ever done: clean, direct prose; authentic vernacular and dialect; spare plots; men, doomed by circumstances and self-doomed, moving inexorably to their fates; everything encased in a specific time and place. But with the character of Jack Burden Warren opened a Pandora's box full of "cosmic significances."

Flood is awash with wordy portentousness of this kind, sometimes embarrassingly so—Lettice, who becomes a Catholic, is "goosed to God." At the other extreme it is filled with a great mass of details—the saliva gleaming on Lettice's teeth, for instance—that make one think that the new-wave French novelists with their "hot-rod" model are on the right track. The prose is ornate and often imprecise, showing the constant effort to supercharge everything. When there is any kind of action, transitive verbs are virtually absent. The protagonist's white Jaguar—a very important character in the novel—is usually personified in this manner. It does not drive down a concrete highway; it "fled whitely down the slab."

As a historical parable, however, *Flood* is of great interest. It can be read as a farewell to the Southern Renascence itself, of which Warren has been one of the most articulate and self-conscious spokesmen. For the subject matter of the Renascence was the Southern Past and now, clearly, that Past is disappearing. Considered historically, the Southern writers of the twentieth century from Faulkner to Peter Taylor are like Sir Walter Scott, who gave literary immortality to a society that was undergoing its death pangs.

One might ask at this date what the obsession with the Past has meant for both the content and the form of Warren's novels and the Southern novel generally. For the preoccupation of modern Southern literature has been precisely a con-

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sciousness, in Allen Tate's phrase, of "the past in the present." Not only were Southerners more obsessed with their own past than Northerners, they also had a different sense of history. While the Northerners thought the Civil War was inevitable, because they had won it, the South could not help but think, since it had lost, that it could have been avoided. The Northerner then could forget it—one more movement of the clock of history—as the Southerner never could. But to dwell on an accomplished historical event as if it might have been otherwise is to introduce a deep ambiguity into one's sense of the past; and so it is in Southern fiction; the past is simultaneously meaningless and meaningful. On the one hand, the Southerner's sense of the past was dark and uncertain. According to *Flood*, this uncertainty was one of the causes of Southern provinciality and sense of inferiority. When Brad Tolliver goes to New York, he feels himself at a disadvantage, for the Northerners "all seemed to move through the darkness of History with the expertness of a blind man in his own house." For him History "was merely what happened, no matter how blank the happening"—"out of nowhere, toward nowhere—that was History."

On the other hand, to the Southerner, history is everything, a kind of living, breathing presence, never finished or dispensed with. In a sense there is no present; certainly no future: only a living past. As Faulkner's Gavin Stevens declares: "The past is never dead. It's not even past." If this past has no clear-cut meaning, it has a function: it holds everything together. "Whatever comes out of history—out of this anguish even—will come only because everything is part of everything else." Thus, too, every act in the present is an historic act; when in *Band of Angels* Hammish Bond climbs into bed with Amantha Starr, this is history as well, "as much History as any death-cry at the trench-lip or in the tangle of abatis." Nothing ever done or said or thought is forgotten. As Jack Burden puts it, "For nothing is lost, nothing is ever lost."

All of a piece and going nowhere: this is History. It follows that present, or clock, time, slows down and, in fact, seems to disappear, which has two consequences for Southern fiction. First, there is an obliteration of the distinction between past and present, which receives its consummate artistic expression in the great, disjointed "idiotic" monologue of Benjy in *The Sound and the Fury*. *Flood* is built on the same principle: the constant juxtaposition of the past and the present, both of which are equally real. Memory is as potent as experience, and nobody escapes his past. As the protagonist of *Flood* remarks, "he himself, had never, in spite of all the years of flight, escaped from the house." But the personal past, like history, is essentially meaningless too: it is just *there*, obdurate, inescapable, inexorable. The characters can never genuinely connect with it and go home again; according to Tolliver "I cannot find the connection between what I was and what I am. I have not found the human necessity."

The second consequence of the presentness of the past is that present time, even when not invaded by memory, slows down. The pattern of the essential fable of the Southern novel is timelessness, and talk, interrupted by an act of violence, after which everything sinks into somnolence once more: " 'There is no time in Fiddlersburg.' " There is something almost climatic about it, as if that blazing sun, like an angry eye of God, or that silvery moon, just hung there in the sky, suspended, refusing to move. And on the seventh day the clock stopped altogether: "He thought of Sunday, of the eternity of time it would take the sun to cross the sky to die."

But, to make an important distinction between Northern and Southern fiction, these people are not trapped by events in the present. In the Northern novel after Melville, the protagonists—Henry James's perhaps excepted—tend to be free of history but trapped by present circumstance. In the Southern novel this dilemma is reversed. They are trapped in a most general way by History or the Past, in which, in some sense, they live. Yet their wills are free in the present, as they rarely are in Northern fiction. In Warren's novels there is rarely any questioning of individual per-

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sonal responsibility, despite the fact that collectively Southern culture suffers from the grievous rationalization of what Warren calls "The Great Alibi," i.e., the habit of blaming everything, from pellagra to poverty, on the outcome of the Civil War. There is instead the general notion that each man has, sometimes unknown to himself, an ultimate *persona* or character, and this is his real destiny although sometimes only circumstances can bring forth this *persona*. Most of Warren's preoccupations are conscious or latent in *Night Rider*, where Dr. MacDonald, a "spokesman," tells Perse Munn: "Did you ever notice, how what happens to people seems sort of made to order for them." Free will in an evil universe can only imply human sin, deep and ineradicable, in other words, original. Of all modern secular writers, Northern or Southern, Warren has been most preoccupied with original sin, his metaphor for it usually being an obscene animal that lurks within. In *Flood*, after the protagonist has had his "realization," such as it is, he concludes that he can now bear anything, even "that black beast with cold fur like hairy ice" that drowsed in the depths of his soul.

The paradox of historical determinism and individual free will also lies at the heart of Scott's novels. And I think in the long run, the novels of the Southern Renascence will look like the Waverley novels—the favorite reading matter of both the antebellum and the postbellum South—a cultural "kickback" of a dying society. For the real historical analogy for the South and its fate is Scotland: a "barbarian," "honorable," "individualistic," "poetic," feudal, rural, tribal, theistic, legalistic, society, with a lost cause and a half-mythological, glorious past, which is overborne by a democratic, urban, technological, bourgeois, prosaic, society contiguous to it. In both instances individual bravery goes down before massed might. In both cases the mythology of the losers proved more potent than that—such as it was—of the winners. Thus in the Western world today the two most poignant and colorful symbols are the tartan and "the grey." Montrose is to the mythology of the British Isles what Lee is to that of America. Then after its defeat, but before it is completely absorbed by the victors, the conquered culture throws off an immortal embodiment of itself, a literature. These reconstructions in turn capture the imagination of the victors, and, vicariously, the Northern Americans participate in the Southern myth, as did the nineteenth-century English in the Scottish. Faulkner summed it all up when he explained how Dilsey endured. She endured, among other reasons, because she had no family history, no "tartan and claymore," which, it seems, will finally disappear completely under the northern-made flood that will engulf the South.

The Stone and the Spirit

THE SPIRE by William Golding. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and World. 215 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by Robert Tracy *of the English Department of the University of California (Berkeley)*

In May or June of 1851, Anthony Trollope strolled around the Close of Salisbury Cathedral and emerged with the idea of a series of novels in which the clerical society of a cathedral close is presented and analyzed in its purely social and secular aspects. To Trollope the cathedral itself was only a backdrop for that little society of Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Precentor, Canons, and Prebendaries which clustered around it, and throughout the Barsetshire novels he avoids any description of the building, just as he avoids the suggestion that his clergymen differ in any way from their lay brethren because of their sacred calling.

In *The Spire* William Golding has used Salisbury as the setting for a very different novel, and a very different inquiry into the priestly mind. The cathedral stands at the center of the book, and the hero, Dean Jocelin, is doubly motivated. He dreams of a spire taller than any other in England, which will at once complete the cathedral and translate his own intense religious emotions into permanent stone. His obsessions exclude him from all clerical society. He has none of the decent worldliness of Trollope's clergymen. Indeed, he is dangerously unworldly, convinced that his spirit has been divinely chosen to leave the world behind and exalt itself in stone, tempted to the dizzy heights of sainthood until he forgets the world below, on which sainthood and spires must ultimately rest.

Golding has built his novel around this paradoxical relationship between spirit and matter. The high, thin, graceful, and aspiring spire is itself this paradox—light and delicate to the eye of the spectator, heavy and stony and rough as it bears down on the supporting fabric, alternately exalting and depressing, imposing a pattern upon the surrounding landscape but bringing chaos into the cathedral and into the lives of its builders, glorifying the Christian God but raised by workmen who assist it with pagan sacrifices. To Jocelin the spire is the task he was chosen by God to perform, yet he learns that he is Dean of the cathedral because of the sudden whim of a courtesan as she sprawled on a day bed with her royal lover, and the money her body has earned helps to raise this physical manifestation of the spirit.

Golding has thus made of *The Spire* a parable which explores the nexus between spirit and matter, between body and soul, between cold heavy stone and fervently aspiring prayer. At the beginning, Jocelin is stern, proud, puritanical, a Manicha-

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ean who refuses to recognize the flesh and its claims, one who sublimates in such a literal sense of the word that *The Spire* will doubtless approach the popularity of *Lord of the Flies* among semisophisticated readers. He denies burial in his church to the woman whose body lies at the foundation of his own high position. He accepts none of the practical arguments against the spire raised by his colleagues or by his master builder. He cannot perceive the relationship between the rising spire and the groaning pillars, the singing walls, the heaving earth beneath. But as the novel progresses he gropes dimly towards an understanding, his education in the necessary ties between spirit and matter moving in tandem with his architectural education. Jocelin comes to learn of stresses and strains, human and structural. He learns that the spire, his "diagram of the highest prayer of all," must be made of stone and wood, steel and mortar, and that it must be reared among the blasphemies and obscenities of the half-pagan builders who are the physical instruments of his will. He dreams of the cathedral as a man's body. "The nave was his legs placed together, the transepts on either side were his arms outspread. The choir was his body; and the Lady Chapel . . . was his head. And now also, springing, projecting, bursting, erupting from the heart of the building, there was its crown and majesty, the new spire." But the spire as "crown and majesty" is soon superseded when Jocelin is forced to watch a workman who dances with a model of the spire inserted as a phallus between his legs. To achieve his spire he must tacitly consent to rape and murder in the church itself, the murder a pagan rite in which a living man is hurled into the foundations to give them a strength and will which can uphold them (the command to "Set a man to watch all night" in the nursery rhyme about London Bridge refers to the same grim custom). By the end of the novel, Jocelin is humbled at last. He orders a tomb that will emphasize his body and its lowliness. "If I could go back," he medi-

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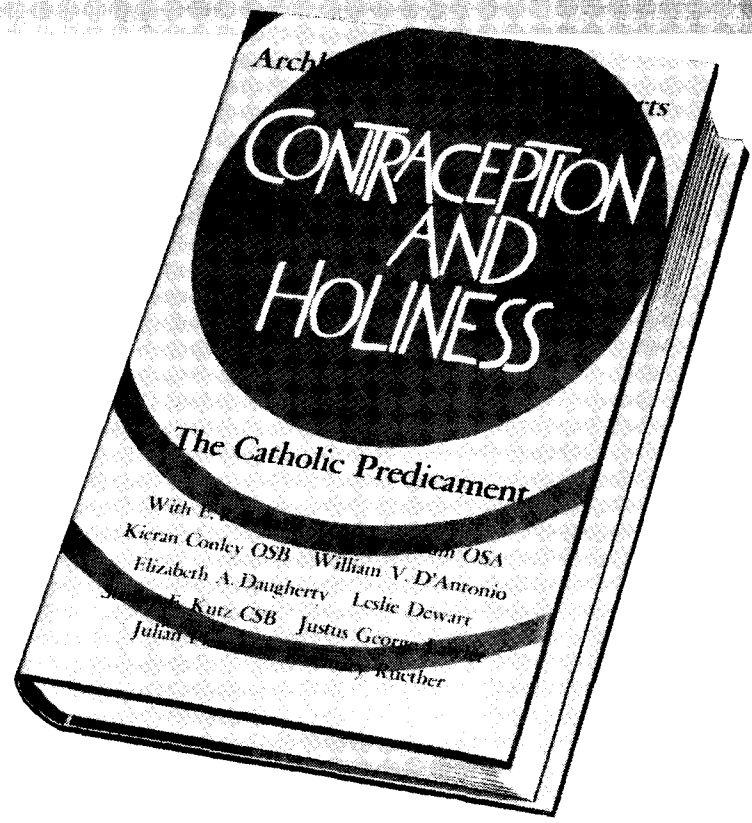

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tates, "I would take God as lying between people and to be found there." He comes to understand that exaltation begins on the ground, that the body supports the soul, and he is unashamed when he finds himself sprawled in a filthy gutter. In E.M. Forster's phrase, he recognizes "the spot of filth without which the spirit cannot cohere." The reader is left with the final paradox—God must have intended it all, the pride, the murder, the lust, the spoliation in the church as the cathedral's purpose, the raising of a "Rich Fabric of Constant Praise," is disrupted, the dissensions in the cathedral chapter, even the origin of it all on a tumbled bed. Unlike *The Inheritors*, *The Spire* has no epigraph, but Yeats' Crazy Jane provides one in her conversation with another high ecclesiastical dignitary: "Love has pitched his mansion in/The place of excrement."

Jocelin thus pays for the rising of the spire with an increasing knowledge of the earth's varied foulness. At the same time he finds that the distinction between spirit and matter becomes blurred, and his own sense of identity becomes merged with the church structure itself. He feels the weight of the spire as a strain on his back as his will forces him to hold it up. "His will began to burn fiercely"—so Golding describes a crisis, when the whole cathedral comes close to collapsing—"and he thrust it into the four pillars, tamped it in with the pain of his neck and his head and his back, welcomed in some obscurity of feeling the wheels and flashes of light, and let them hurt his open eyes as much as they would . . . He felt confusedly and mutinously; It is a kind of prayer." Golding seems to have taken some ideas from Geoffrey Scott's *The Architecture of Humanism* and brilliantly adapted them to the theme of his novel. When we feel discomfort in an ill-proportioned building, Scott argues, "The concrete spectacle . . . has stirred our physical memory. It has awakened in us . . . that condition of spirit which in the past has belonged to our actual experiences of weakness, of thwarted effort or incipient collapse . . . *We have transcribed ourselves into terms of architecture* . . . A spire . . . appears . . . to soar. We identify ourselves, not with its actual downward pressure, but its apparent upward impulse . . . The whole of architecture is, in fact, unconsciously invested by us with human movement and human moods . . . *We transcribe architecture into terms of ourselves*." [Italics Scott's.] Jocelin carries out both "transcriptions." The spire becomes his will and spirit, he becomes the groaning pillars which support it until, in a kind of architectural stigmata, his ribs stretch and crack, his back and spine are consumed. Jocelin too becomes a kind of sacrifice to the building.

Readers have come to expect this kind of ingenuity from William Golding, and *The Spire* treats them to another dazzling exhibition of his skill. He has managed a convincing delineation of a medieval mind, such as he portrayed the Neanderthal mind in *The Inheritors* and the minds of children in *Lord of the Flies*. Jocelin's is a mind careless of fact, a mind which gropes through vague intimations and elations, hoping only for mystical experience, and Golding's style makes us feel the quality of such a mind, its inability to perceive clearly, its innocence of logic, its weak grasp of the actual. The novel takes place in Jocelin's consciousness, where there are only unclarified reflections of real events, and thus we are allowed only hints of what is passing. The real world is not directly confronted, but only glimpsed in sudden flashes. Golding has translated into his narrative technique that unawareness of reality, of the physical world, and of its operations, which is the central trait of Jocelin's mind and the theme of the novel.

At the last, the spire is completed, and though storms and winds come, it defies all reason and does not fall. It has ruined Jocelin, and soon it kills him. The builder commits suicide and his mistress dies in childbirth. Blood, defilement, death, lust, and pagan rites have all assisted at its rise. The church is impoverished and the people of the city are frightened and resentful. But the spire is there in the sky, simultaneously a phallus and a diagram of prayer, the stone and the spirit. While reading the novel, and writing this review, I have had before me Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden," and I have no doubt that Jocelin is justified.

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The New American Fiction

Richard Kostelanetz

PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING recent American novelists are John Barth, James Purdy, Vladimir Nabokov, and William Burroughs.

John Barth is the most brilliant and promising novelist to appear in America in the past ten years. No other writer as young as Barth (b. 1930) is so thoroughly equipped with the verbal resources and energy, imaginative range, literary sophistication, intellect, courageous originality, independence and, most important, the literary genius to transform these virtues and talents into fiction that continually reflects his capacities. Moreover, Barth has distinctly and considerably matured in the course of his three-novel career—*The Floating Opera* (1956), *The End of the Road* (1958), and *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960); and since the third of these novels is one of the greatest works of fiction of our time, the potential limits of Barth's achievements are beyond pre-definition, if not comprehension.

Set in late 17th and early 18th century England and Maryland, filled with characters who speak accurately rendered 18th century dialect with appropriate contemporary references, *The Sot-Weed Factor* (an archaic term for a Tobacco merchant) for 806 large pages tells of the adventures of one Ebenezer Cooke who at the age of 30 makes a twofold vow—to preserve his treasured virginity and to devote himself to poetry. Having convinced a rather dumbfounded and generous Lord Baltimore to be his nominal patron, Cooke confers upon himself the rather dubious title of "Poet and Laureate" of Maryland and sets out to write an epic in praise of the New World, his Marylandiad. A summary of all the twists and turns of the mazelike plot, all the little digressions, disguises and coincidences, and the natures of all the characters is, for the moment, unfeasible; suffice it to record that Stanley Edgar Hyman attests that, "The plot contrivance is the most fantastic of any book I know."

On its most basic level, *The Sot-Weed Factor* is a mockery of written history; for Barth systematically distorts—mostly debunks—the accepted versions of the past. In this narrative, Sir Isaac Newton and Henry More, the Cambridge Neoplatonist, emerge as lubricious pederasts who provide refuge for orphaned boys. The intellectual coffeehouse conversation which Addison described actually, says Barth's novel, sooner turned to sex. The third Lord Baltimore, known to history as an undistinguished Catholic ruler, runs a network of spies and saboteurs in his war against the Protestants, and he informs Ebenezer that in the New World poets are as rare as virgins; and the most successful and self-confident woman Ebenezer encounters in Maryland is Mary Mungummory (note her initials) who claims to have been "swived" 28,000 times. Boatloads of whores regularly arrive in America, and at one point American pirates intercept a ship carrying Moorish virgins to Mecca and take their pleasure until, "The deck looked like a butcher's block." Barth's most extensive debunking comes with the piece-by-piece discovery of the *Secret Historie* of John Smith and *The Privie Journall of Sir Henry Burlingame*, both written in magnificently faked 17th century prose. These "authentic" documents, to deny the accepted version, reveal that John Smith was a lecher who first obtained Powhatan's friendship by giving him pornographic pictures, later won his confidence by satisfying the chief's otherwise insatiable wife, and, finally, thanks to a secret eggplant potion manages to deflower the much-tried, but previously impenetrable virgin Pocahontas. The Indians, likewise untrue to historical form, confiscate Smith's immense collection of erotica. Whereas Ebenezer Cook (without the "e") is known to history as the pseudonymous author of *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1708), a bitterly satirical attack on life in Maryland, Barth's Cooke writes a mildly unfavorable, Hudibrastic ditty that Londoners interpret as a sign of Maryland's high cultural achievement—it even persuades some of them to settle in the New World. Among other historical figures, William Penn, John Coode, and Sir Edmund Andros both make their appearance, albeit in somewhat unfamiliar dress.

Though one character rejects sentimental interpretations of history, saying, "More history's made in the bed-chamber than the throne room," Barth is sophisticated enough to suggest that not much history is made in bed either. To Barth, history is thoroughly disordered; and the search for first causes or definitive interpretations uncovers only confusion. A chapter heading near the book's end expreses the reader's befuddlement as well as Ebenezer's: *The Poet Wonders Whether the Source of Human History Is a Progress, a Drama, a Retrogression, a Cycle, an Undulation, a Vortex, a Right- or Left-Hand Spiral, a Mere Continuum, or What Have You. Certain Evidence is Brought Forward, but of an Ambiguous and Inconclusive Nature.*

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ *is the editor of the forthcoming* The New American Arts *(Horizon Press), from which this book column is excerpted.*

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In addition to burlesquing written history, *The Sot-Weed Factor* thoroughly ridicules literary conventions and, thus, undercuts art's way of understanding life. The satirical blade is aimed obliquely at all fat popular historical novels (this being too fat, too difficult, and totally faked as history) and particularly at the 18th century novel whose chapter headings and pet plot devices are exaggerated *ad absurdum*: the search for the father, reversal of roles, the accidental recognition scene, transformation through disguises (Burlingame, Cooke's Sancho, assumes a plethora of identities), moments of near incest, and, especially, preposterous coincidences all appear with excessive abundance. Thus, Barth succesfully transforms a serious twofold quest—Cooke's for his muse and Burlingame's for the identity of his parents—into a long series of incidents so incredible that high comedy becomes the book's overall tone. The traditional picaresque structure is further subverted by making the book's main character a congenital unsuccess, a *schlemiel*, whose innocence, in another inversion, turns out to be the single quality that saves him in the rough, cynical, greedy society of America. Indeed, one of the book's main themes is that in a world which throws up hazards and sharpsters at every turn—indeed, the novel is a catalogue of man's sins—innocence is stronger protection than the mild worldliness of, say, the diseased prostitute, Joan Toast.

Finally, Barth's debunking is universally extended—it starts with the novel's main character, includes the most minute facets of society, ends in the book's final passages with Barth himself, spares no one, and offers no reforms. In mocking the conventions of the 18th century novel, by overusing them to absurd lengths, in suggesting that the history we know is as unlikely as his rewriting of it ("This Clio was already a scarred and crafty trollop when the author found her"), in mocking both Ebenezer's quest and the society that is inhospitable to poetry—in doing these things with such a thoroughness and breadth of reference, Barth ultimately says, not only that the single events of life are preposterous (i.e., absurd), but also that life as a whole, which resists any ordering interpretations, is likewise totally absurd (i.e., meaningless).

As well as being thematically neat—indeed, it seems to be a programmed illustration of a predetermined theme—*The Sot-Weed Factor* displays on nearly every page Barth's verbal brilliance. It is, at once, one of the most eloquently written books of our time and one of the funniest. Few writers can turn as many striking phrases as Barth or coin as many quotable aphorisms, such as the *double-entendre* of: "Who gives a man horns must beware of goring."

As well as being one of the funniest, erotic, and pervasively scatological novels since Henry Miller's best gems, *The Sot-Weed Factor* is also one of the intellectually richest. Not only is Barth acutely aware of how ideas can function in and be illustrated by fiction, he is also, without doubt, the most erudite novelist of excellence we have ever had in America; perhaps only Vladimir Nabokov and Thomas Mann could rival him among modern writers. In his work, especially in *The Sot-Weed Factor*, there is conspicuous evidence that he is extensively knowledgeable in music (in fact, he once studied composition at Juilliard), English literature, pornography, ethics and the history of philosophy (he was once a Ph.D. candidate in "aesthetics-of-literature" at Johns Hopkins), American colonial history, English cultural history (his characters of both centuries familiarly refer to the music, books and popular ideas of their respective times), the development of the English language and etymology (he literally seems to have checked the accuracy of every archaic word and the origin of every modern one in the *O.E.D.*), existentialist philosophy, and a variety of critical theories of the American mythos, ranging from Philip Young's reinterpretation of Pocahontas and R. W. B. Lewis' *American Adam* to Leslie A. Fiedler's insight into our writers' preocupation with the inter-racial homosexual romance and Ralph Ellison's image of the trickster as archetypal American (tricksters and Adamic innocents prosper in the novel; others don't). Thus, *The Sot-Weed Factor* inspired Fiedler to report that it embodies "all the obsessive themes common to our classic novel: the comradeship of males, white and colored, always teetering perilously close to, but never quite falling over into, blatant homosexuality; sentimentalized brother-sister incest or quasi-incest; the antiheroic dreams of evasion and innocence; the fear of the failed erection"; and, thus, as Fiedler added, it is "closer to the 'Great American Novel' than any other book of the last decades." Stanley Edgar Hyman, surely among our most erudite critics, wrote, "The novel has so many literary sources that it would be easier to list the books that it does *not* copy or burlesque." The book, I predict, will become a goldmine for symbol-, source- and influence-hunting academic critics, all of whom will be implicitly mocked with each discovery they make. Yet, as remarkable as Barth's knowledge is, more extraordinary is his ability to use it in fiction—to use it at the same time he parodies and debunks it. All his academic interests are at the service of a true fictional energy; and in this respect, although the book is far from what is called a dry, academic novel, it is still the kind of book only an academic could write.

In comparison to the lushness of *The Sot-Weed Factor*, the earlier novels are distinctly minor works in which Barth seems to be lightly, if not blithely, testing his talents and his ability to win publishers. *The Floating Opera* is a rather conventional absurd novel, outfitted with an unconventional twist that makes it a parody of Camus' *The Myth of Sisyphus*. Its narrator is a typical 20th century middleclass man—Todd Andrews, a fairly eminent lawyer in the small Maryland town of Cambridge, born in 1900 (and, thus, a child of the century), a bachelor, an adulterer, a man of little religion and no family. Writing in 1954, he remembers the day seventeen years before that he planned to commit suicide. Discovering his own inability to explain life, that the reasons people have for attributing value to things are ultimately arbitrary, and that nothing around

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him is truly important; he considers taking his own life; but being a fairly logical guy, Todd then discovers there is no justification to death either. "Hamlet's question is, absolutely, meaningless." A very neat novel—the intellectual joke is clearly and efficiently made—but *The Floating Opera* is stylistically undistinguished and, once the joke is fathomed, not very interesting.

Although it contains some scenes more brilliant than those in the earlier book, *The End of the Road* is the weakest of the three novels because of its inability to coalesce around anything, even the theme Barth has publicly attributed to it. Its narrative center is the psychic health of Jacob Horner, an indolent graduate student and sometime teacher of "prescriptive grammar" at Wicomico State Teachers College. Suffering from emotional paralysis, which seems to stem from existentialist *angst*, he is remobilized through therapy with a Negro witch-doctor. Finding himself in need of an abortionist for a friend's wife, whom Horner probably impregnated, Horner selects the witch-doctor who bungles the abortion, killing the woman and leaving Horner suffering from paralysis again. The novel ends with him hailing a taxi to drive him to the "terminal," ambiguously either to his death or to the train headed for the witch-doctor's Remobilization Farm. Unnecessarily uneven in tone, uninteresting in language, never quite focusing on the announced theme—Horner's evasion from responsibility—or any other unifying thread, the novel has one brilliant chapter. The therapy scene is brilliant absurd comedy—two desperate people talking at cross-purposes; and it stood as an excellent short story in *Esquire*.

Coming after the earlier novel, *The Sot-Weed Factor* leaves the critic with the same impression that Joyce's *Ulysses* must have implanted after its first appearance—that nothing, but nothing is beyond the competence of its author. He has the literery intelligence, the fictional adroitness, the self-awareness, the mature control, the ideas, all the basic virtues (except, perhaps, psychological insight)—to produce fiction more extra-ordinary and original than anything else being done today. Unlike too many American novelists, he seems to plan his fiction well in advance, announcing with the publication of *The Floating Opera* that it was the first in a series of novels concerned with various aspects of nihilism: "Each will concern some sort of bachelor, more or less irresponsible, who either rejects absolute values or encounters their rejection." So far, he has shifted emphasis from the first pattern to the second, defining in progressively larger chunks a world without order or value.

The author of three novels before he turned 30, Barth has since 1960 slowed down his pace. Only two of his short stories have appeared, rather undistinguished pieces in *Esquire* (Feb., 1963) and *Southwest Review* (summer, 1963); and he has also published an obtuse essay on his native Eastern Shore Maryland, the locale and an immensely illuminating (on his own works too) of his three books, in *Kenyon Review* (winter, 1960) afterword to the Signet edition of Smollett's *Roderick Random*.

Still, his forthcoming novel promises to be more extraordinary, if not larger, than *The Sot-Weed Factor*. In a letter to me, dated August 7, 1964, Barth described it as follows: "Giles Goat-Boy will be a two-volume work, each volume consisting of three reels, each reel consisting of seven chapters. It isn't an easy book to synopsize sensibly. George Giles, the narrator of the story, is a young fellow whose complex fate it is to have been raised as a goat on the stockfarms of New Tammany College, one of the richest, strongest, and largest colleges in the whole University. As a kid, George learns from his keeper (a pacifist polymath named Dr. Max Spielman) that the modern University is divided into two armed campuses, presently pitted against each other in a kind of Quiet Riot, but perennially on the verge of EATing one another alive. (EAT stands for Electroencephalic Amplification and Transmission, the ultimate weaponry of WESCAC—the West-Campus Automatic Computer—and equally of its counterpart EASCAC: Dr. Spielman helped invent it during Campus Riot Two.) Many are convinced that only a new Grand Tutor can lead studentdom away from the wholesale flunkage of modern terms and set it on the way to Commencement Gate; and a great many signs indicate—to George at least—that he himself may be destined for that hero-work: that indeed he may be no mere Goat-Boy but the true GILES—the *G*rand-tutorial *I*deal, *L*aboratory *E*ugenical *S*pecimen—prepared some years earlier by WESCAC in a supposedly abortive experiment. In the first volume George leaves the goat-barns, makes his way to the Great Mall of NTC, and after sundry encounters and vicissitudes contrives to pass the Trial-by-Turnstile, slip through Scrapegoat Grate, and matriculate as a Special Student, not without having met a rival claimant to Grand-Tutorhood. In volume two he must address himself to his Assignment, which he conceives to be (perhaps mistakenly) passing the finals himself, declaring his Grand-Tutorhood, descending into WESCAC's *Belly*—the basement chamber where its EATing-tapes are stored—and changing its AIM, or Automatic Implementation Mechanism, to more passéed purposes: something only a Grand Tutor might presumably accomplish without being EATen alive. He may fail."

The twenty pages of discarded fragments Barth enclosed hinted that the novel would be even more imaginative (is that possible?), more difficult and just as comic as *The Scot-Weed Factor* and that the book would describe a world just as nihilistic and absurd.

Barth's plan, I conjecture, is to follow his demonstration of the absurdity of history with a novel about the absurdity of technological science, both novels being equipped with faint swipes at religion and academia; then, to pursue the logic of his plan he could progress to philosophy or to various modes of art, or even to language itself, again to expose his theme always illustrated with encyclopedic learning, immense imaginative energy, and unquenchable wit, that they too are as ultimately absurd as life itself. The world yields to our efforts no ordering scheme; there is no central truth,

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only nonsense with each twist of complexity multiplying itself to infinite degrees.

II

ABSURDITY AND MADNESS are themes especially explored by the new novelists. James Purdy's *Malcolm* (1959) describes the voyage of an innocent young man into the absurdity of society; but in contrast to Barth, Purdy employs a wispy, low-keyed style, more psychological, and emotional sensitivity, a knack for creating the telling moment and the resonant line – in general, a greater artistic control – to produce a more pruned absurd novel. Malcolm, a fifteen-year-old boy stranded alone on a park bench, is befriended by a Professor Cox, an astrologer, who in turn instructs Malcolm to visit all his friends. They include Estel Blanc, a Negro undertaker; Kermit Raphaelson, a midget artist, and his wife Laureen; Girard Girard, a tycoon; and Melba, a teen-age popular singer, whom Malcolm finally marries. Each wants something of him; and though Malcolm responds to their needs – having no essence and being passive towards others, he is capable of a wide variety of responses – he still never thoroughly adjusts to any of his masters. This is why the novel is, as Jonathan Cott suggests, an allegory of growing up into an absurd world, one which offers a young man neither satisfaction nor frustration of his needs and ambitions, has nothing worth his clinging to, and also evades his understanding; and in allowing Malcolm to die in his teens of an excess of alcohol and sex, Purdy seemingly says that these retreats from life are inevitably the only outlets for a young man. *Malcolm* is by far Purdy's best work; his other novel, *The Nephew* (1960), is just another savage portrait of the emptiness of midwestern life, albeit with a few nice moments; and of his stories, which are, in general, extremely uneven, the best, such as "Goodnight, Sweetheart" and "Don't Call Me by My Right Name," depict in muted tones persons in extreme distress, and they are realized by Purdy's uncanny ability to strike a perfect moment in which human tensions are implicitly and resonantly announced. Though some of his work is marvelous – some of his scenes, even, are truly great – his work, I find, lacks the immense verbal resources, the grandness of vision, the sheer imaginative energy that I admire in Barth and Nabokov.

As the absurd novelists sometimes defend personal eccentricity, if not madness, as the most viable strategy for encountering absurd life, so the other stream of new novelists explores these madnesses *from the inside;* that is, they depict the workings of the mad mind itself, rather than carefully noting external symptoms. This internal-external dichotomy illuminates the crucial difference between the progenitors of inside portrayals, of madness, such as Nikolai Gogol's "The Diary of a Madman" (1835) and the first part of Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground* and the rather objective observation of a madman's odd behavior, such as Herman Melville's "Bartleby, The Scrivener" (1856), Hendrik Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* (1886), and Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919). A third tradition was initiated by Kafka, whose greatest works symbolically objectify the patterns of a neurotic mind. Neither an external record nor an inside portrait, Kafka's fiction is like dream-work itself, a conscious ordering of psychic symbolism.

Although a few novels of the early fifties had realized portraits of mental derangement, such as Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* (1951), Shirley Jackson's *Hangsaman* (1951), and William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* (1951), only in recent years have so many striking novels dealt with madness. The most original, especially in form, is Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire* (1962). Its main figure is that most recent incarnation of the figure that haunts so much of Nabokov's fiction from the early Russian novels through *Lolita* (1955) to the present – the writer as fool; and not only is Charles Kinbote psychologically the most interesting of these creations, he makes *Pale Fire* Nabokov's best work as well as one of the most hysterically funny novels in contemporary literature. Incidentally, this novel belongs to American literature, rather than Russian, because its frame of reference, its language, its realm of action and its expressed values are primarily American.

Developing an idea faintly presented in *The Gift* (1957), that the act of literary criticism could be the novel's subject and determine its form, Nabokov gives *Pale Fire* an unprecedented structure of three unbalanced parts: a 999-line poem entitled "Pale Fire" by the American poet John Shade (who considers himself second only to Robert Frost), a foreword to it and a critical commentary. These are the work of Shade's admirer, Kinbote, who for a semester was guest professor of Zemblan, his native tongue, at Wordsmith College, where Shade himself taught. The poem itself is a prolix, occasionally tender poem about Shade's development, written in a fairly orthodox form, which at various times echoes (and implicitly parodies) Alexander Pope, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, and Wordsworth's lines about the growth of the poet's mind.

Whereas the best comedy in Nabokov's early books stemmed from his cutting descriptions of external phenomena, here the satirical blade is swallowed, so to speak, by an ironic narrator who unintentionally wields it against himself. The third section, Kinbote's line-by-line commentary, is the comic center, for his remarks are a masterful example of what in graduate school is glumly called "over-reading," in the outside world "egomania," and in literature brilliant comic irony. Most of the humor stems from the ironic relation between what Kinbote sees and what the reader perceives is actually happening. A passage from the foreword – Kinbote describing his early days at Wordsmith – is a sample of Nabokov's technique:

> *On one of my first mornings there, . . . I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Shade . . . were having trouble with their old Packard in the slippery driveway where it emitted whines of agony but could not extricate one tortured rear wheel out of a concave inferno of ice. . . . Thinking to offer my neighbors*

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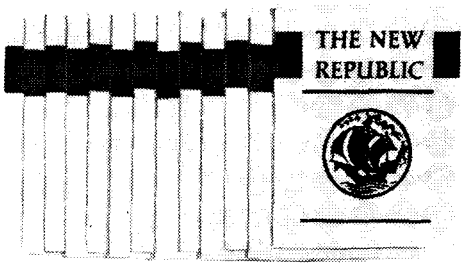

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a ride to campus in my powerful machine, I hurried out toward them, . . . and I was about to cross the lane when I lost my footing and sat down on the surprisingly hard snow. My fall acted as a chemical reagent on the Shades' sedan, which forthwith budged and almost ran over me as it swung into the lane. . . .

Kinbote's characteristic fault is missing the point, and being doubly gifted he can persuade himself that his failures are really virtues; and Nabokov, being even more gifted, can create a commentary in which Kinbote's blabberings consistently reveal more than they explicitly tell.

Kinbote the egomaniac insists upon understanding Shade's poem "Pale Fire" as a symbolic re-creation of all the Zemblan history that Kinbote unloaded on Shade's disinterested ears. Therefore, in his interpretation, Shade's trivia actually tell of Kinbote's life, perhaps fantasied, as King Charles Xavier II, the deposed monarch of Zembla, and Kinbote pushes his self-importance through what, at first, seems unpromising stuff. Doomed to be a fool and not to recognize it, Kinbote can report that the first time he read Shade's "Pale Fire" he could see no reference to Zembla. Likwise, he fails to recognize that when someone addresses him as "The Great Beaver" the epithet is derogatory, that his capacity to rationalize all mistakes and criticisms is immense, that he regularly commits all sorts of mis-spellings and greater intellectual errors (which can be interpreted as an undercurent of ironic commentary), that he is morally arrogant and disingenuous, that he has a natural inclination for overblown and inappropriate similes and needlessly multisyllabic adjectives and adverbs, and that in his superficially correct index to Shade's poem several names, usually those of young attractive males, do not exist in the text. Quite accurately, Nabokov shows that his malady produces a variety of secondary ills, including an unselfconscious, thorough insensitivity to the written word – Kinbote's artistic judgments are ludicrous and his quotations from Shakespeare, retranslated from the Zemblan, make one wince – and a general inability to recognize reality.

What is remarkable about *Pale Fire*, then, is Nabokov's ability to realize a threefold effect – to sustain the sheer comedy of Kinbote's stupidity, to render from the inside, consistently and subtly, the meanderings of a deeply mad, but superficially functioning, intellectual mind, and to keep us aware of the inescapable terror of Kinbote's isolation and constant failure. Though *Pale Fire* is Nabokov's best work, it fails to measure up to Barth's big novel in one crucial respect – an inability to transcend the sense that it is at base faintly trivial. Whereas Barth can lift a similar feeling about the joke of knowledge and life into a basically serious vision of the absurdity of existence, nearly every line of action in *Pale Fire* culminates in just a guffaw; so that, the humor reflects merely on itself, letting Nabokov's work fall short of what we recognize as truly major fiction.

After Nabokov, what? In the past decade, drugs have replaced alcohol and sex at the frontiers of avant-garde experience; and while one substrain of the new literature of the self focuses upon madness, the other turns to the new forms of experience provided by drugs. Without doubt, the most extraordinary work in this literature is William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* (1959), a report of the hallucinatory madness he experienced during a withdrawal from narcotics addiction. *Naked Lunch* makes other "end-of-the-world" books, such as Kenneth Patchen's *The Journal of Albion Moonlight* or Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side* (1956), seem pretty feeble. Céline, perhaps Burroughs' closest competitor in this respect, once boasted that yes he had imitators but no one else could keep up such intense, imaginative negation for a couple of hundred pages; well, Burroughs does. However, whereas Céline intended, perhaps pretended, to describe reality, Burroughs' world is entirely his madness's creation.

Although the strains of new American fiction, concerned with opposite poles of human experience, are on the surface quite different, they complement each other's view of the world. In an absurd world, man contracts the anomie that incites and abets mental disability; and widespread madness is one of the factors contributing to an absurd world. These novelists present such a narrow vision of contemporary possibility that one suspects either their vision is severely limited or they have succeeded in penetrating to the twofold heart of the contemporary experience. Believing that the novelist has always been more successful at grasping social essences than facts, I suspect that these writers too reflect, as well as indicate, our predicament. They present images of society which neither sociology nor newsreels can evoke or confirm and offer glimpses into madness which psychological writing does not provide.

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